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THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU, 346, STRAND, LONDON

The Bystander, February 27, 1934

No. 1576. Vol. CXXI.

The BYSTANDER

"I COVER THE WATER-FRONT . . ."

An attractive open-air study of the water-carrier, with her basket-covered load of fresh water, on the Pyjama Beach, at Cannes. Already the Riviera sun is strong enough to add fresh bronze to the girl's heather-honey-coloured skin

"You're going to like that, Sir!"

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

Tantivy Again

THAT Hunt we spoke about last week—the one not so far from London—has been at it again. But this time it has scored a definite triumph, and we have received several stinging telegrams from its members. Apparently they went out last Saturday and killed a fox in full cry. At least, it wasn't exactly in full cry that they killed it. Nor could it have been precisely described as a kill. It appears, in fact, that they chased this fox for some hours, over hill and dale, through rows of bungalows, past allotments, down a by-pass road (it isn't the 'untin' as 'urts the 'orses' 'ooves, hetcetera, hetcetera), through a garden-city, three times round a dirt-track, with sometimes the dogs leading and sometimes the fox, so skilfully adjusted was the handicapping, until at last the fox could stand it no longer, and he died of laughter exactly between the front legs of the Master's horse. The Secretary was then blooded, it being his first kill, and the whole party went home to a tea, at an ancient inn, consisting of sloe gin washed down with cherry brandy, and a merry time was had by all. The Vicar was in the chair. Or wasn't. We forget which.

Instruction

TALKING of ancient inns, we believe that the Crown Hotel, Chiddingfold, is the oldest eating-house in Great Britain. It was originally founded as a rest-house for the pilgrims going from the Cistercian Abbey at Waverley, near Farnham, to the shrine of the martyr Thomas Becket, at Canterbury, in the twelfth century, and has been an inn ever since. King Henry III. stayed there, and, hearing that the tariff was one penny for bed and breakfast, insisted on it being raised to twopence, the extra penny going to the Royal Exchequer. The oak beams at the Crown have to be seen to be believed. When was the oak planted that provided a twenty-seven-inch oak beam for a rest-house in 1200 A.D.? It was from Waverley that Sir Walter Scott took the name of his first novel, and it was in the country round that Conan Doyle laid the early scenes of *Sir Nigel*. Don't worry, sweet nit-wits, that will be all the highbrow stuff just now.

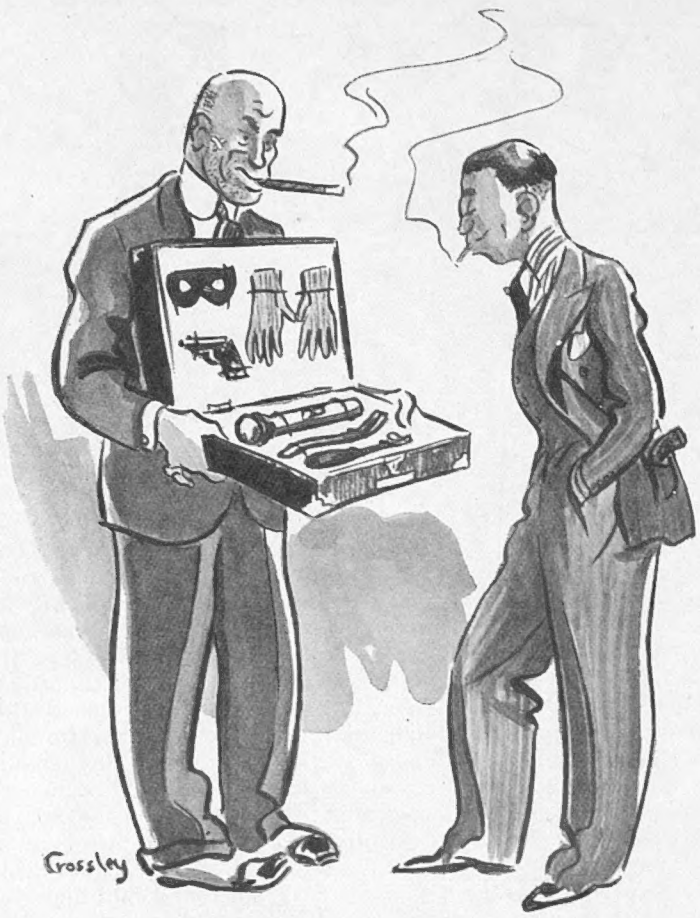
Strange Parallel

A VERY curious instance of the similarity of Socialism all over the world is reported in a contemporary sheet. Talking of some dust-up that has recently occurred in Central Europe, our sprightly colleague wrote: "The Socialists were driven back until they disappeared in the words." Do you not agree with us, pretty sweetings, that that is a perfect description for many and many a Socialist orator? He begins well. He denounces this and that. He proves that two and five are twenty-six. And then he gradually warms up and begins to leap about from side to side, like a demented preacher, or a shrimp in a frying-pan, and gradually a blue haze begins to arise all round him and you can only see a fierce eye, a red tie, and a face like a pie, and then even they vanish in the haze and nothing is left but words, words, words. O most excellent little journal (an evening paper, by the way, with a circulation of about eighty millions), that provided us with the immortal phrase "The Socialists disappeared into the words."

"Yes, you've got your mother's eyes!"

Cricket News

"TRUTH will *not* out," exclaimed the Indian bowlers bitterly, when Verity had batted three hours and ten minutes in the Madras Test Match. It was in this match that Jaoomal Naoomal played for India. What a name! What a godsend for the local poets! A national hero whose Christian (so to speak) name rhymes with his surname! Ex-Sir Rabindranath Tagore ought to chuck his vers libres nonsense and take to rhyming when such opportunities are offered to him. There has been nothing like it since the Russian Government gave such a fillip to the



His twenty-first birthday

rhymesters by calling a couple of towns Omsk and Tomsk. And, of course, Sir John Squire, captain of the famous cricket team, "The Invalids," gave up all thought of writing vers libres when his attention was drawn, by a professional attention-drawer, to the fact that Hobbs rhymes with lobs.

B.F.'s in Ealing

THE boys who wear those very peculiar black shirts seem to be having a spot of doubt whether to follow in the footsteps of Mr. Gladstone, who confined himself to platform oratory, or whether to incorporate the more modern methods of Signor Alonso Capone and parade about in armoured-cars. They have made a tentative move in the armoured-car direction with a vehicle that has been conveying the boys to and fro in Ealing on their work. But we understand that there is no truth whatever in the malicious story that any B.F. who has the misfortune to die at his post will be buried in a silver coffin, according to the time-honoured, ancient usage of the Middle West. They are not such British United Fascists as all that.

"Mauretania Sights a Monster"

(*Headline in public sheet.*)

So, presumably, did the Monster.

The New Postman's Knock

POST-OFFICE vans are not insured against third-party risks, it appears from a recent case. So a Postal official can knock the King's lieges about on the King's Highway as much as he jolly well likes. This is a remarkable situation. For, as the said lieges own the said Post Office, and pay heavily for the said office, we have the peculiar position that the Proprietors' chauffeurs can kill the Proprietors with financial impunity. Whereas the Proprietors themselves are compelled by law to pay large sums of money in insurance against third-party risks.

Modesty Corner

A DEFENDER of the British Broadcasting Corporation has surely allowed modesty to outrun the facts of plain truth. In answer to some nit-wit who had alleged that the B.B.C. was over-controlled by the Government, this too-diffident little violet announced in the Press, "The B.B.C. is not inspired." Imagine what a hulla-baloo would have followed if we had suggested such a thing! Yells from radio fans, hysterics from enthusiasts, atmospherics from Daventry, and all the usual stuff. To say that it is not inspired! We simply could not dream of suggesting such a monstrous thing! But, of course, we are bound to accept the statement as it emanates from a defender of the Corporation and not from an attacker.

Hail, C. B.!

EVERY lover of cricket will join in welcoming the return to public life of the immortal Mr. C. B. Fry, after some years of illness. What an athlete "C.B." was in his prime! He was one of the very few undergraduates who have ever got a "Soccer" Blue and played "Rugger" for Oxford too. He held the long-jump record for many years. He batted for England for many years. As a Corinthian full-back he succeeded the great L. V. Lodge—the wizard with the flaming red hair who could do the hundred yards in 10⅕ seconds in football-boots—as partner to W. J. Oakley, and also played for England. And with "Ranji" he broke the heart of many a fine bowler on the hard wickets at Brighton. Welcome back to the world, Charles Fry!

Poor Mr. Burke!

ALAS, poor Yorick! We knew him well. And so we did Mr. Thomas Burke, with his enchanting stories of Limehouse, and slinking Chinks in the Pennyfields, and

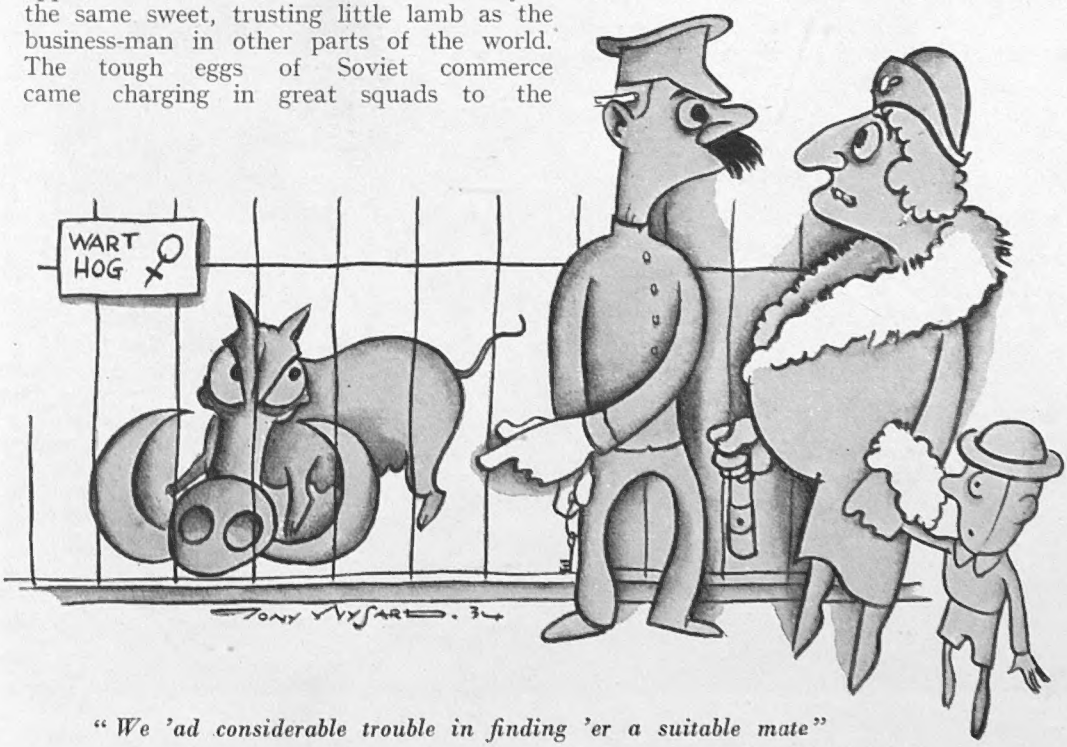
"Well, if it isn't Miss Biddick, after all these years! Gosh, but you're looking fine!"

half-castes in bowler-hats, and slim white girls who betrayed their lovers to the narks, and all the rest of that world that lies between the Commercial Road East and the Limehouse High Street (that used to be called by the far more exciting name of Ratcliffe Highway). And now that thrilling life is over. The young Chinese, says the Shoreditch coroner, do not smoke opium nowadays. Indeed, there are hardly a hundred Chinese in the whole district. Gone are the old days of glory, when inscrutable chiefs of gigantic gangs used to abduct the hero's fiancée (a slim girl with a dimpling smile) and bind her hand and foot in a cellar that was thick with opium-smoke and Ming porcelain. Dear Dr. Fu-Manchu! He was so sinister, and so dreadfully incompetent. Even more incompetent, in fact, than the delicious Inspector, whose name escapes us for the moment (and as we are just going to Press, it might as well escape us for ever now). Chinatown, my Chinatown, farewell! You gave us a lot of fun in your day, and adorable Miss Gertie Millar sang a song about you.

"One more of those cads, Sir, and I resign"

Dear, Dear! The Same Sad Old Story

A PRACTICAL joke in Moscow! Well, well, what is the world coming to? Apparently there is a funny paper in Russia called the *Crocodile* (where on earth does it get its material from? We should very much like to meet our colleagues who do the snappy pars., presumably signed by "The Crocks," or "The Old Crocks," or something like that, and compare notes about wages, hours of labour, dungeons, chain-gangs, and all the accessories which are indispensable to the production of snappy pars.). Revenons à nos alligateurs, as Dr. Livingstone remarked in playful French to Mr. Stanley. The Editor of the *Crocodile*, taking his life in his hands, decided to test the credulity of the Soviet business-men by inventing an entirely fictitious Trust for the production of "meteoric iron." The test worked perfectly, and it appeared that a Soviet business-man is just the same sweet, trusting little lamb as the business-man in other parts of the world. The tough eggs of Soviet commerce came charging in great squads to the offices of the *Crocodile*, begging for meteoric iron, weeping for meteoric iron, pitching heart-breaking yarns about the mortgage that would be foreclosed and the blue-eyed girlies who would be flung out into the snow if Daddy couldn't get hold of some meteoric iron. None of the business-men dreamt of ringing up the Commissar for Heavy Industries to ask if such a Trust existed, and even the Finance Commissar offered the Trust a subsidy of 100,000 roubles. There were some sad hearts in the homesteads of the big boys on the night when the hoax was discovered. Poor, wee souls! They had been done, once more, just as if they had been a British banker or an iron-jawed "bear" from Wyoming.



"We 'ad considerable trouble in finding 'er a suitable mate"

Feminine Spelling

WE have always maintained that the ladies (bless their sweet, pretty

hearts !) are not so hot upon spelling, and we are confirmed in our view by the announcement in a recent publication that " the name Lehar spells enchantment to most women." Really, in these days of compulsory education, and feminism, and Miss Ethel Mannin, we would have thought that Lehar might have spelt something more like Lehar than enchantment. But then, of course, we don't know.

Further Depression in Laundry Shares

SECOND in favour, we are told, among spring colours in the fashion world are black, dirty pinks, slatey blues, and dirty yellows. Already Wandsworth is laying up some more mangles, and in the East End the Chinese laundries are torn between sorrow at lost custom and pride at the recognition, at long last, of the national complexion. We are authorised to deny, but we haven't the foggiest idea who did the authorising, that the new dance this year is to be " Those Slatey Blues."

Quite Right, Too !

WE are nothing if not modern, and we hail the articles written by an American in a weekly paper that is devoted to the subject of golf, to show exactly how the Old Course at St. Andrews could be made into a very tolerable little seaside links. We are also in favour of getting Mr. Sinclair Lewis to re-write one or two of Shakespeare's comedies, Mr. Epstein to re-design the spires of the City churches, and of inviting Miss Mae West to bring up to date the novels of Miss Jane Austen. Progress, girls, that 's the ticket !

THE BYSTANDERS.

Historical Wisecracks. No. 8

As Titus Oates said :

" YOU GIVE ME A PAIN IN THE NECK ! "

THESPÆANS

No. 22.—Mr. Joe Coyne

VILLANELLE OF YOUTHFUL VIRILITY

OH, tell me, for I simply yearn to know,
And long to mould my life upon your plan,
How DO you keep so gay and youthful, Joe ?

What is the secret of that healthy glow
That pays no heed to man's allotted span ?
Oh, tell me, for I simply yearn to know !

Day in, day out, you never cease to show
A fitness worthy of the Rowing Man—
How DO you keep so gay and youthful, Joe ?

Your eye is bright, your step is far from slow ;
Why is Old Age with you an " also-ran " ?
Oh, tell me, for I simply yearn to know !

You look the same as you did years ago,
With sprightly step, clear eye and healthy tan—
How DO you keep so gay and youthful, Joe ?

You are, from crown of head to goutless toe,
The Stage's ever-youthful Peter Pan—
Oh, tell me, for I simply yearn to know,
How DO you keep so gay and youthful, Joe ?

B. W.

" Ah, Spring is in the air "

"'Ssh—he hasn't noticed anything yet!"

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 39. P. G. Wodehouse

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

You need to be a great man if you attain celebrity without divulging your Christian names to the public. There are H. G. Wells, A. E. W. Mason, and very few others besides P. G. Wodehouse. "P" stands for Pelham, pronounced "Plum." "Plum" is most retiring. He has a passion for lonely bicycle-rides of incredible distances—such as from Plymouth to London. He looks like a rubicund Archbishop. Tall and broad, he wears thick-lensed spectacles and has the most courteous manners of anybody I have ever met. He is genuinely pleased if you tell him that you like his latest story; and, by-the-bye, Bertram Wooster, aided by Jeeves, is in better form at the moment than he has ever been. I laughed myself silly last week about the prize-giving at Martin Snodbury Grammar School.

As a keen student of Wodehousiana, there is nothing about the family-tree of the Earl of Emsworth that I do not know, including Freddy Phreepwood, that poisonous secretary-chap, Baxter, that admirable sow, the Empress of Blandings, and all of them. Yes, I am a fan, ever since the days of *A Prefect's Uncle*. "Plum" started his career in a bank, after being educated at Dulwich College. Then he wrote for boys' papers and thus acquired his uncanny knowledge of twopenny magazines. He lived in Chelsea. He visited Wimbledon. Finally, he made his name.

It may interest you to know that he is a member of the Constitutional Club in Northumberland Avenue, which presumably, therefore, provides the scene for Lord Emsworth's visits to London. He is a dreadful golfer, despite his Oldest Member Stories, and there is a very funny tale to be told of the only time he ever did the smallest boast—on the occasion when he discovered that his coach at the All-Weather Golf Practice School was incredibly named Jeeves. He has a house in Norfolk Street, Park Lane, which he has just leased for three years to Whitney Straight. His favourite resort is Droitwich, where he rocks at the shallow end of the warm sea-water bath, working out his next novel. He says that he spends more time on the first six hundred words of a story than on all the rest put together.

He likes chemin-de-fer. He says that Jeeves is not modelled on any one valet, though many think he was inspired by "Laddy" Sanford's man. He wrote one successful musical comedy after another for the Winter Garden Theatre. He has a charming step-daughter (his greatest admirer), who has the odd nickname of "Snorky" and who married Peter Cazalet. He married a charming widow, Mrs. Ethel Rowley. He dislikes Hollywood, strangers, and being interrupted when working, otherwise he continues to be a very large, very amiable boy. I only wish I saw him more often, even though he insists on calling me "Patrick."

There, "Plum." I hope you don't mind.

(3) Mr. John Rowat and Miss Mia Macklin looking down on the rink. Miss Macklin, who is only twelve years old, is a Gold Medallist skater, and has already done some very successful film-work

By the Rink

At the Ice Club Gala

(1) Miss Thelma Cazalet and one of the skating instructresses with Lord Ratendone, who was wearing his speciality dinner jacket of felt with a silk finish

(2) Miss Diana Henry, one of the Henry twins, and a niece of Lady Askwith, and Mr. John Evans, up on the balcony, which was full of watchers

(4) Mr. Jack Dunn, the brilliant amateur skater, is with Miss Barbara Porter-Phillips. Mr. Dunn was in the running for third place in the European championships, but only the first and second places were fixed by the judges

(5) Miss Oriel Ross, the attractive young English film star, was another of the spectators looking down from the balcony

(6) Major C. K. Hutchinson, late of the Coldstream, is a keen figure-skater, and before the war was runner-up in the Amateur Golf Championship; with him is Miss Audrey Champain, a Silver Medallist

(7) Four of the performers in the costume skating ballet, "A Dream of Schubert," which was one of the evening's events

(8) Miss Dorothy Fane, who is a 1934 débutante, Miss Grace Lambert, daughter of Mr. G. Lambert, M.P., Mr. Patrick Gathorne-Hardy, and Mr. Robert Legard

(9) Mrs. Broughall and Mr. Dennis Glenny sitting at their table after supper

"Paul Twyning," at the Little

Rose McGothigan (Joyce Chancellor), cause of all the trouble, is seen top left. Above: Dan Deegan (Fred O'Donovan), a bright youth of forty, James Deegan (Grenville Darling), autocrat of the district, and Patrick Deegan (George Dillon), who keeps a pub. Below: Paul Twyning (Arthur Sinclair), tramp-plasterer, and, for one hectic week, general adviser to a small Irish community

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Irish Intriguers and Yankee Yiddishers

Sketches by Rouson

"Paul Twyning" (Little)

IT is something of a change—indeed, to the highbrow it may be something of a shock—to find the Irish Players at the Little Theatre again forsaking the wistfulness of the "And it's sad I'll be when the sun rises over the shores of Loch Mavourneen" type of drama, and providing for our delectation old-fashioned farce, when no one is particularly sad about anything, for in George Shiels's *Paul Twyning* nearly all the characters are kept so busy in trying to do each other down that they have no time to wail, weep, or discuss their immortal souls. It is lucky that the author himself is an Irishman, for if a Sassenach had dared depict on the stage such a collection of unpleasant characters, it would indeed have been considered another injustice to the disthressful country.

BUT though the characters may be unpleasant, they are extremely amusing, and the play is written so light-heartedly that there is no necessity to take seriously the bullying, swindling, and avarice displayed. We can laugh at them all, more especially at Paul Twyning, a tramp-plasterer who spends more time in poking his nose into other people's affairs, with profit to himself, than in wielding the instruments of his trade. In the depicting of this character the author displays observation, and Arthur Sinclair, who plays the part, has added some delicious touches of his own to it. Half the joy of his performance is due to the quiet method employed by this admirable comedian; he can illuminate a situation with the simplest gesture and make crystal-clear the working of his mind by the raising of an eyebrow. Fred O'Donovan is also on hand to add another picture to his gallery of nit-wits. Maire O'Neill superimposes an American accent on an Irish brogue as a hard-boiled adventuress, and Cathleen Drago gives a really clever study of a publican's wife. Some of the other members of the company on the first night were so determined to be heard—a surprising innovation nowadays—that it appeared as if they were not only intent on making the occupants of the gallery hear their remarks but friends in Galway as well.

"Success Story" (Cambridge)

JOHN HOWARD LAWSON is the American dramatist who has written *Success Story*, which was first produced in England at the Shilling Theatre and has now been transferred to the Cambridge. His theme is Big Business, but if business in the U.S.A. is really conducted on the lines that this author suggests, the reason for the recent slump there becomes more than obvious.

To depict Big Business on the stage, and make it interesting, is always difficult, but when, as in the office of Raymond, Merritt and Co. (Inc., of course), Advertising Sales Counsel, Big Business often takes a back seat, and Private Affairs—which are made exceedingly public—predominate, the dramatist's task is still more hard.

It is, of course, no unheard-of thing for the office hours of any business man to be interrupted by the appearance of his mistress, but I doubt very much whether any business man—even accorded the prefix of Big—would instruct his secretary to make out the usual monthly cheque to the lady who extends her favours to him.

One of New York's biggest bankers is seen wearing a heavy overcoat with an astrachan collar in the height of summer, but this may be more true to life as suggesting that he did so to keep the moth out, and thus subtly indicating why Rufus Sonnenberg made so much money.

That one can swallow by gulping hard, but I fear that, with the best will in the world, it is difficult to believe in the principal character, Sol Ginsberg, a gentleman of the ancient faith, who at first occupies a subordinate position in the firm, but who, thanks to offensive behaviour to everyone, rises by stepping-stones of his dead self to higher things. Included in the catalogue of these "higher things" is the throwing over of his Boss's secretary, to whom he was engaged; performing the "cuckoo act" with the Boss himself, who is eventually hoofed out of the firm, and—crowning glory!—his marriage to the Boss's mistress.

This hysterical, Jewish Big Business Man was really such a nuisance that I was thankful when, having once more double-crossed his ex-fiancée, she did some dirty work with a gun and put an end to his raving, thus inculcating the trite moral that the making of much money does not necessarily promote happiness.

ESMÉ PERCY revelled in this part, which, in an old-fashioned way, is flamboyantly effective. Beatrix Lehmann, as the secretary, gave a clever performance; and others who helped to impart an air of verisimilitude to a bald and unconvincing narrative were Jeanne de Casalis, as the mistress-wife, Abraham Sofar, the astrachan banker, and Jack Minster, as the Gentile Boss.

"*Success Story*," *at the Cambridge*

The Wages of Sin! The Boss's mistress (Jeanne de Casalis) gets her monthly cheque from the Boss's secretary (Beatrix Lehmann). Below: Sol Ginsberg (Esmé Percy), the young Jew, whose genius is allied to insanity, lays down the financial law with unrestrained vigour to his Boss (Jack Minster) and the Millionaire Banker (Abraham Sofar), who stand for it

The Passing Picture Show

By Sydney Tremayne

"Hi, Nellie!"

Paul Muni and Glenda Farrell as two journalists in "Hi, Nellie!", a film all about a newspaper office, its "heart-throbs" columnists, and a murder

"Easy to Love"

Adolphe Menjou as the erring husband, Genevieve Tobin as his wife, and Mary Astor as his girl friend in a scene from "Easy to Love," which has a six-sided domestic tangle as its material

"Queen Christina"

A MAGNIFICENT production. Costumes, sets, and snow-scapes are superb. Greta Garbo has the most picturesque and appropriate part of her career, as the Swedish Queen, brought up like a boy by her warrior father, addicted to male attire and unconventional excursions. Her refusal to marry her soldier cousin, who is the national hero, and a flagrant love-affair with an emissary from the Spanish Court give a conveniently romantical twist to the causes for Christina's loss of popularity and abdication. The masculine clothes suit Garbo admirably, reveal her incomparable, free, lithe movements, and perhaps something of her true personality. But the picture's chief appeal is æsthetic rather than emotional, in spite of the tragedy implicit in the theme, because of a certain sterility—a lack of humanity—in Garbo herself. Perhaps her art has eclipsed her life. So finished is her technique that gestures, intonations, the way she "registers" emotions and "holds" poses for the duration of close-ups, appear mechanical. She shows most abandon when, in an over-long silent sequence, she caresses the walls and furniture of the scene of her idyll, while the living, but not very lively, lover looks on! John Gilbert is not impressive as the Spaniard, and not always audible. Garbo seems to overawe her leading men—stun them into impassivity. Like the audience, they look at her *wonderingly*, as if she were a phenomenon rather than a woman.

"The Last Round-Up"

NOT a picture for "superior" people. This is actually our old friend, the "Westerner," galloping horses, poker games, "Stetson" hats, spurs and guns . . . but there are times when quick-moving and romantic stuff of this sort is a welcome relaxation, and *The Last Round-Up* is very good of its kind. Monte Blue, tall and dark and perhaps slightly "sinister," is Jack Kells, the head of a band of outlaws known as the "Border Legion." They move from State to State, cattle-rustling and holding up the coaches on which gold is conveyed from mining camps. Kells's lieutenant is a violent and rebellious man. He kills an old miner for his "dust," and a cowboy who has been cleaned out in a poker game is arrested for the murder. Kells, reconnoitring in the city, is recognised. He holds up the bar and helps the young man to escape, but the unruly member of his gang further complicates matters by kidnapping a girl who has come up to act as pianist and was once a friend of Kells. The young man falls in love with her. The Border Legion is wiped out in a raid on Arizona City, and the culmination of the picture is a fight to the death for the girl, a part played extremely well by Barbara Fritchie, a newcomer with a piquant profile and genuine histrionic power.

"Easy to Love"

A HUMOROUS interpretation of an old story. Adolphe Menjou is the philandering husband, Genevieve Tobin the loving wife, who, discovering the husband's infatuation for a friend of the family, uses the flirtatious interest of another man to rouse her husband's jealousy. Everett Horton is the "other man," and an invaluable asset to the development of the plot. Further complications are provided by the love-affair of the daughter, who finally effects the reconciliation between her parents by pretending that their matrimonial failure has decided her against marriage. This part is very efficiently played by Patricia Ellis, but Miss Tobin does not look old enough to be her mother. Guy Kibbee, as a Justice of the Peace who has a short part at the end, gives the best and most memorable performance in the film.

"Hi, Nellie!"

PAUL MUNI, who became world-famous because of his performance as a *Fugitive From a Chain-Gang*, does not want to be "typed" and in this picture takes the part of a newspaper man—a comedy part—and I consider that he is to be congratulated. He is entirely successful in a rôle utterly different from the one in which he originally achieved success. *Hi, Nellie!* is a satisfactory combination of satire and drama, and although it deals with certain rather technical aspects of the Press, I think it has a general appeal. Muni is a newspaper man who is "degraded" to the "heart-throb" column because he refuses to take the "popular" line about the disappearance of a financier. It is an office joke to shout "Hi, Nellie!" to the editor of that particular feature. Since he is, in spite of himself, a good journalist, the "heart-throb" column increases the circulation, but, with the assistance of a friend, he solves the mystery of the murdered financier and re-establishes himself as news-editor. The final shot, when he selects his successor for the heart-throb column, is one of the best in the film. Glenda Farrell, as a journalist who appears "tough", and is really co-operatively sentimental, once more proves her efficiency.

Anna Sten

Margaret Sullavan

Watch These Girls!

They're Four New Stars

Above, left: Anna Sten is half-Russian and half-Swedish, is twenty-three, and has acted since she was fifteen. She has been in Hollywood over a year, learning English and being groomed for stardom. Her first big film is "Nana," from Emile Zola's novel, directed by Dorothy Artzner; playing with her are Phillips Holmes and Lionel Attwill

Above, right: Margaret Sullavan is a Virginian, started acting when she left school, played in New York and on tour, went to Hollywood last year on contract with Universal and stepped straight into a leading part, opposite John Boles, in "Only Yesterday," "a screen cavalcade of American life," to be shown shortly

Ann Sothern

Ann Sothern also graduated to Hollywood near-stardom from Broadway, where she was known as Harriette Lake, and belonged to the musical-comedy world. She is co-starring with Edmund Lowe in Columbia's musical production, "Let's Fall in Love," and has been hailed by the American critics as a certainty for full stardom and a future full of box-office triumphs

Dorothy Wilson

Right: Dorothy Wilson's career has been rather less spectacular than that of the other three "lovelies" on this page; news of her as a Radio starlet has been going around for a couple of years. She played the part of the heroine, Christa, in "Eight Girls in a Boat," which was shown at the Plaza a few weeks back, but is evidently still not qualified for full stardom—and there's a deal of difference between that rank and the one next below it

Music (and all That): "Elijah" Comes To Stay

By "Melos"

MENDELSSOHN has been put on "for a run." I am wondering in what light Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, for whom Mendelssohn once played the piano accompaniment in duets at Buckingham Palace, would have thought of *Elijah* in pageant form at the Albert Hall. I am also wondering how the early pious founders of the Royal Choral Society (to say nothing of its present members who are not taking part in this performance) would have regarded it.

Far distant are the top-hats, the side-whiskers, the Anglican flavour, the decani-and-cantoris business of musical Victorianism. Here indeed is brighter oratorio, gestures an' everythin'!

There is even a ballet. A group of bare-legged young women, with very little mauve chiffon but any amount of enthusiasm, were waiting in a corridor when I arrived, and a few minutes later surged down an aisle through the audience into the arena. Any late-comer would have had to join them, willy-nilly.

That was actually the fate, years ago, of a diminutive dramatic critic who, sauntering to his stall, half-way through the first act of *Œdipus Rex*, produced in the Reinhardt fashion at Covent Garden, was overwhelmed by the sudden irruption from one of the stalls entrances of a horde of ululating "Greeks" and swept up to the stage in the throng and a dinner-jacket. He had to be let out by the stage-door to try again.

Mr. T. C. Fairbairn has not, so far as I know, permitted even such minor disasters in the crowds which he has managed with such skill. The costumes are beautiful. I would not, however, say that *Elijah*, in spite of the fiery chariot, which was not a very happy effect at the first performance, when it stuck a few yards from the pedal open diapason pipes of the organ, is thrilling as a play; long stretches of recitative, to the accompaniment of the waving arms of the crowd, hardly make for drama. Elijah himself, too, is almost as big a bore as Wotan, complete with beard and staff. I always view with apprehension the appearance in a play or an opera of anyone with a beard and a staff. Mr. Harold Williams sang the part superbly, and Miss Stiles-Allen was also in fine voice. One has to be on these occasions.

How the immense chorus managed to sing in such perfect time and to miss none of their leads in the fugal numbers, is something of a mystery, for they necessarily had their backs to the conductor most of the time. This was a tribute either to constant rehearsal or to the magnetic personality of Mr. Albert Coates. Perhaps to both. Indeed, everyone came out of the test with the utmost credit—with the exception of poor old Mendelssohn.

Mendelssohn's music is all very well in its way, and it can sound mighty pleasant if on the sweet side. But it is essentially undramatic, and when it has to accompany visual representation of barbaric rites, Baal worship, priests slashing themselves with knives, and so forth, its weakness is apparent at once. Wagner might have made a great opera out of this story; and some Russian of the Moussorgsky or Rimsky-Korsakoff school probably a better one, for they had the necessary orientalism which Wagner lacked. But Mendelssohn's prim Sunday-afternoon-on-the-Rhine solos and choruses are, in the circumstances, worse than merely ineffectual.

Ursula Hartleben

Georg Kulenkampff

A portrait of the German violinist who played the Brahms D major Concerto at a Royal Philharmonic concert earlier in the month, and was also the soloist at a Beecham Sunday Afternoon Concert

MR. SIDNEY BEER has turned up again to conduct the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Much has been heard of other departments of Mr. Beer's life—his racing-stable, his winning of the Waterloo Cup, and his adventures in Continental casinos. It is considered extraordinary that such a man should want to conduct an orchestra and should be able to do so without involving it in disaster.

I wonder why? Surely the race-horses, etc., have no more to do with the point than the colour of Mr. Beer's hair or his taste in dressing-gowns. Sir Edward Elgar is no less keen on racing than Mr. Beer, even if he does know rather more about music. I prefer to judge Mr. Beer as just a young man obviously fond of an orchestra, and to forget all about his racing. He is not as yet a good conductor; he lacks grip and a sense of phrasing, and he was so intent on his score that he seemed to have but little control over the various parts of the orchestra, who sauntered in of their own accord, instead of being "brought in." He beat time with desperate anxiety, and I doubt whether his beat was always visible.

On the other hand, he has a flair, and sometimes a good style. And he piloted two amazingly difficult works, Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe" and Strauss's "Heldenleben," without making a mistake. That is something for which he deserves credit. The only mystery to me about Mr. Beer is that, liking conducting so much, he does not learn his scores by heart. He then would have to worry less, and would enjoy his concerts more.

M. BLOCH, who has been described as the most eminent Jewish composer since Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn, has given London an opportunity of sampling two types of his music—orchestral and chamber music. The former, which was heard at the Queen's Hall under his own direction, is full of flamboyance, colour, energy. It could be described as programme-music, though I understand that that description is rather resented. But its themes do not always come up to the dramatic ideas they are intended to record; there are moments of great power, but hardly enough of them.

His chamber-music, which I heard at the Æolian Hall, I much preferred. It is more restrained, if immensely difficult, and is obviously the work of a cultured brain. The Boyd Neel Orchestra, the Modern Wind Quintet, and the English Ensemble were the performers at this concert, and made it enjoyable in the extreme. The quintet for piano is quite a gem.

M. Bloch is a Swiss, born at Geneva, and has spent several years in America. He is a wit in his way, and at the chamber-music concert prefaced his piano-playing with an amusing little speech. He was unnecessarily modest about his powers as an executant, for they are considerable.

Just Off Piccadilly

The Café de la Paix and the Café de Paris

Left: four of the hostesses who are on duty at the Café de la Paix two evenings a week—Miss Diana Mainwaring, Miss Patricia Lowry-Corry, Miss Betty Williams, and Miss Valerie Lynch

Above: the Hon. "Monty" Parker, who is the Earl of Morley's brother, Miss Ingrid Richards, and Colonel Thwaites

Right: Miss Lucy Keane dancing with the Earl of St. Aldwyn at the Café de la Paix on "Hostesses' Night"

Miss Pamela Nicholls, Mrs. Peter Horlick's sister, and Mr. Leonard Govett dancing at the Café de Paris, where Marion Chase, the New York star, has been singing

Another Café de Paris photograph on extension night, of Lord and Lady Milton having supper together. Lady Milton was Miss Olive Plunkett before her marriage in April last year

Photographs by Swaebe

Left: a scene in the International Sporting Club at Monte Carlo, showing the players paying out and receiving in gold dollars, which have taken the place of chips

Below: Alex Korda, the cinema producer, Douglas Fairbanks and Charles Laughton enjoying the sunshine at Monte Carlo

"Chips that passed in the night"

"The Bystander" on the Riviera

Gossip from the Côte d'Azur

TEN days of the most beautiful weather I ever remember on the Riviera—brilliant and warm sunshine, not a breath of wind, and the mimosa-trees in full blossom, looking like golden cascades, so unreal that, for a musical-comedy setting, they would be thought exaggerated—has greatly added to the gaiety of nations and mixed nationalities which abound at the moment. We are even full of Kings, for at Cannes the King and Queen of Denmark have been established in their usual quiet hotel, where his Majesty spent a blissful holiday, entirely occupied with sailing his yacht. Nice is the headquarters of the King of Sweden, who combines a taste for tennis and roulette, and is frequently to be seen surrounded by his suite in the Sporting Club at Monte Carlo; while the King and Queen of Siam, with a large retinue, have just arrived at that delightful hotel, the Bristol, at Beaulieu, which is one of the most charming corners of this coast, for, being equidistant from Monte Carlo and Nice, the entire Riviera is at one's disposal, and when life becomes too hectic, it is possible to retire and lead a peaceful life without continually running into jaded friends with whom the previous evening has been spent or misspent. Among the many people who choose the Bristol at Beaulieu are Lord and Lady Bethell and Lady Towle.

CARNIVAL time is in full swing at the moment, and thousands of people have descended on Nice to be in the centre of the festivities, and, despite very exaggerated reports in some of the English newspapers, the Niçois think far more of making this a really successful "whoopee" than of such comparatively minor matters as politics and riots in Paris. By bad luck the opening day of the processions was the only cold one since Christmas, with a biting wind most keenly felt by the car representing the Garden of Eden; Adam and Eve haven't recovered yet, and say even impropriety must be sacrificed to comfort and they're going as Eskimos next time. During the festivities we dined at that famous French restaurant, La Poularde. Jahne d'Argent, the proprietress, is marvellously youthful, and considering she was Mistinguett's understudy, this is pretty good going. She gave an excellent show, and her stories are brilliant if hair-raising; but, quite definitely, anyone going there must insist on hearing "l'histoire des huitres." Then on to the Perroquet, where we danced to dear old Joe Lucas's orchestra, of Maxim's, Juan-les-Pins fame, which, I think, improves yearly, as well it might with so jovial-faced a conductor. After that, on to Maxim's for a couple of dances and a bottle, and we were finally swept out with the crumbs at Rühl roof boîte.

A REALLY good Riviera story was told me the other day by a brilliant literary acquaintance. He was attending a large dinner given by a famous hostess in her own villa. The plates were of solid gold, and, although somewhat overpowered, he thought some form of admiration was necessary. "Yes," said the hostess, "they are beautiful, but it is a strange thing that after every party at which I use them there is always one missing"! I can think of no more difficult article to conceal gracefully in a dinner jacket.

AS for Monte Carlo these last few days, my impressions are entirely kaleidoscopic. The crowd is enormous, no one thinks of dining till ten, and when at 5 a.m. recently I insisted on going to bed, I was considered most unsporting; the usual hour appears to be between 6 and 9 a.m. The early evening rendezvous is the Sporting Club bar, a great supporter of which was Lord Queensberry, who has just left. Although he lost a considerable amount of money, he remained unfailingly cheerful; when things looked too black he just took the odd drink and surrounded himself with fair companions. Lionel Montague was much in evidence, while "Satty" (Mrs. Satterthwaite), invariably cheerful, can always tell one the latest bits of really humorous gossip, and they don't always concern tennis, either. The gold table is in full swing and attracts crowds of onlookers, who stand gazing in envious awe at such a mass of golden dollars. At the baccarat table I saw Alfred Butt ask Phillips Oppenheim to play for him for half an hour while he sought refreshment, and on his return he found 180,000 francs of winnings awaiting him, while Oppenheim had made a modest mille or two!

RECENTLY the Hotel de Paris gave one of its famous Sunday night galas, the chief attraction being Raquel Mellor, and attractive she certainly was, for her songs were delightful and her manner fascinating. Countess Constantini gave a huge party, consisting chiefly of Americans, in honour of the King of Sweden. Lord and Lady Furness were dining alone, and in these days of large and unwieldy parties, it was a relief to see two people, at any rate, look completely contented. Phillips Oppenheim had a very delightful guest in Sir Ellis Hume-Williams, whose cold blue eyes might well make one quake in the witness-box, but when on a party they twinkle in most amiable manner, and his mouth has a very humorous quirk. Everyone in Monte Carlo seemed to be there, and it would take too much space to write all the well-known names. After gambling, or, at least, trying to, for the crowds were three deep round all the tables, our party assembled again about 2 a.m., and descended to the Sporting Night Club for bacon and eggs and liquid refreshment, well-iced. The two bands, however, just made us dance. Personally, my favourite is the quieter Hungarian band, for the tunes they play are just dreams. There was a marvellously cheerful theatrical table next us, headed by Phyllis Monkman and Betty Chester, who were en route for Rome. Their car broke down, however ("some" car to choose the right spot!), and won't be ready for a week. Unfortunately, after the second day's gamble, they are firmly convinced that they would have found visiting the Pope and the Duce far cheaper if not so exciting a holiday. With them were Frances Doble, looking quite lovely, Charles Laughton and Douglas Fairbanks.

"Conversation Piece"

The Author, the Heroine and Some Stars of the Stalls

Every first-night "face" was at His Majesty's for the première of the new Coward-Cochran-Calthrop production, except the ones who had to go on the second night. Among the real first-nighters were Lady Diana Duff-Cooper, Lady Bridget Poulett, Mrs. Redmond McGrath, C. B. Cochran, and Dorothy Dixon

Yvonne Printemps as Melanie, the heroine

Paul, Duc de Chaucigny-Varennes, and also Noel Coward, the author

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides: By "Big Ben"

THE National Government, founded on co-operation, may founder for that very reason. Party labels have never been more important than they are to-day. The right man for the job does not get it if at that moment it is the Left's turn. The Liberal Nationals and National Labours must take their chance, but for Unity's sake we must see to it that they have an unfair advantage.

IF the rumours of Cabinet reconstruction come true, the attempt to balance the claims of the Simonites and MacDonaldites with the Baldwinites will have to cease. The Prime Minister should give up thinking in terms of Party and think in terms of Men; difficult for him, but it is what the country wants.

I AM told, on the best authority, of course, that Mr. MacDonald is intent on a general shuffle in the Cabinet in the early summer. Younger men will come into control; Mr. Macmillan will probably be brought from the Back Benches, and Lord Eustace Percy may emerge again—according to plan.

IT will be interesting to see if Mr. Kenneth Lindsay—the Kilmarnock wonder—will by that time have talked his way into an Under-Secretaryship. He has done more than his share since he arrived in the heat of battle from the North. He gives me the impression of being determined to make up for lost time; but he may give other impressions to other people.

THESE young men! One never knows what they will do next. "Mister" Lymington's resignation would have been a bomb-shell if it had not failed to explode. At the most it has been a topic for conversation and speculation. The big-wigs are blamed for removing a popular young man from the House. But there is also a parallel in Sir Oswald Mosley's resignation from office in the Socialist Government. Lord Lymington, I believe, submitted his memorandum (on Agriculture) to the Cabinet. It was turned down; patience and perseverance were lacking, and now there is a by-election.

THE whole fault lies in a misconceived idea of importance to the general public. Lord Lymington will find he has far less drawing power as a "Mistery" man than he had as a Member of Parliament. He neglected his opportunities, never made full use of his position, and now blames the machine for breaking down, when it is the man who has cracked.

WHO will succeed him at Basingstoke? The Committee are prepared to carry on the Lymington tradition, but there is an opposition Party in the place who will have none of it. We may see a National candidate fighting an Independent Tory. The latter would be Lord Lymington's nominee, Mr. Duncan Sandys, who seems certain of getting the chance to fight the seat, anyway.

MR. SANDYS was not so long ago in the Foreign Office, but he threw up his job to follow Lord Lloyd. What happens now? Lord Lloyd did not speak for Sir Roger Keyes at Portsmouth, but will he be kept from actively supporting his lieutenant at Basingstoke? And when Mr. Sandys wins, as he probably will, what then? His troubles are only beginning.

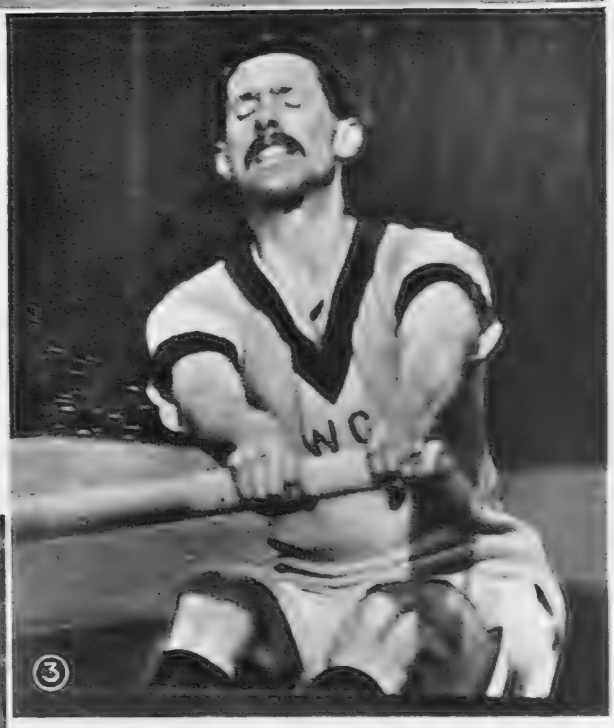
WILL there be a scramble for Southend and Plymouth, or will the Ladies Iveagh and Astor hand over to their respective offspring? I do not know what the political journalists (myself included, I suppose) will do without Lady Astor in the House. She is always handing us a paragraph or two. Lady Iveagh will be missed by the Members, who have compared her, not unfavourably, with some of her colleagues, but she never became the public figure one once thought she would.

THE Defence Estimates are the next items to interest us. The Air Force will probably do a great deal with very little; the Navy will want a lot to do anything; the Army will ask for something for nothing. Mr. Duff Cooper will give another of his note-less displays, and Sir Phillip Sassoon will appear in his positively only appearance this year.

I HAVE not yet had the opportunity of asking Mr. Herbert Williams, the Member for Croydon, if he has joined the Oxford Group Movement, but I think he must have. The other day he got up in the House and quoted, apropos of himself, Disraeli's saying: "I do not care what they say about me so long as they say something." And there are people who declare that our M.P.s have no courage!

Lady Astor to Lady Iveagh: "Isn't it time we gave the children a chance?"

It is hinted that Southend and Plymouth may find new candidates at the next Election. *L. to r.*: Viscount Elveden, Lady Iveagh, Lord Willoughby de Eresby, the Hon. William Waldorf Astor and Lady Astor



Shakespeare on the Towpath

With Illustrations Unwittingly Supplied by R. W. G. Holdsworth, the Oxford Stroke

1. *"We'll to the river"*
   Anthony & Cleopatra

2. *"Good arms in lusty strokes to the shore"*
   The Tempest

3. *"I would fain die a dry death"*
   The Tempest

4. *"My heart is ready to crack"*
   Merry Wives

Noel and Printemps Draw the Town : First Nights One and Tw

Looking at London . . .

Conversation Piece at a "Café" *Swaebe*

(9) Mrs. Brinckman talking to Captain Arthur Paget. Capt. Paget's wife is a sister of Miss Patricia Lowry-Corry, who is one of the hostesses at the Café de la Paix

(10) Captain Lionel Stopford, younger son of Major-Gen. Sir Lionel and Lady Stopford, and Miss Sheila Romer, daughter of Sir Cecil and Lady Romer, leaving the Chapel of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, after their wedding last week. Sir Cecil Romer is the Governor of the Hospital

"Pageanteers" at the British Industries Ball

(11) Miss Doris Jenks, Miss Esmé de Little, Miss Rosemary Davidson-Houston, Miss Bee Batlevala and Miss Griselda Garld at Mrs. Gordon-Moore's at-home, when a dress-rehearsal of the pageant for the British Industries Ball took place

Who's This?

(12) Mr. and Mrs. Leon Goossens wearing their masks at the party given by Miss Peggy Cochrane, a regular "over the air," to her fellow-broadcasters. The party was at Mme. Louise Alvar's house

at His Majesty's

"What's On"

If you Want to Know all About Entertainments—Plays—Films, and so on—Please Turn to Page 408 for "The Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

Stage Stars in the Stalls

(1) Mrs. Peter Horlick and Mr. Charles Birkin saw the much-discussed and looked-forward-to "Conversation Piece" on the first night

(2) In the no less dazzlingly social second-night audience, were Señor Don Carlos Aramayo, the Bolivian Minister, and his wife

(3) Mlle. Sylvia Regis de Oliveira and Mrs. Barran on their way in to His Majesty's

(4) Lady Mount Temple, wearing a jewelled coronet, went there on the Friday night

(5) Miss Leonora Corbett and Mrs. Ronald Leon (Kay Hammond) both wore nice, big orchid sprays; they went to the second night

(6) Mrs. Mary Booker, wearing flowers in her hair, instead of a halo, went to the "Conversation Piece" second night

(7) Mrs. Leo d'Erlanger always has lovely clothes, and her fur cape for the evenings is not the least pleasant of her fashions

(8) Miss Anne Chilton, Sir Henry Chilton's younger daughter, whose sister is now Mrs. Richard Dreyer, and the Hon. Sheila Berry

GOING OUT

Miss Patricia Lowry-Corry, one of the Hostesses at the Café de la Paix, in pale green, dancing with Captain Brinckman

Lady Moira Combe, looking particularly smart and neat in black, and Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Cunningham-Reid, the latter also in black, were dining early and unchanged at L'Apéritif

Lady Marguerite Bligh, another Hostess

Rex Evans, broad and beaming as ever, came up to take a look at the Café de la Paix. He runs the Windsor Grill downstairs

WHEN is it going to rain? Has the Gulf Stream shifted, causing us to lose our wet English winters? Have you seen la Garbo? Have you seen Yvonne Printemps? These four fairly safe opening gambits for a conversational piece should, last week, have marked one down as a strikingly clever interlocutor. Printemps adds a touch of winter to her content by acting with Noel (Coward), and also adds a good deal to the price of the stalls at His Majesty's Theatre. Among those who did not mind (if they did, they didn't say so) paying £2 10s. for a seat at the opening performance were Cole Porter, the song-writer, Pierre Fresnay, who is said to be taking over Coward's part when he relinquishes it, the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Anglesey, Mr. Geoffrey Hart, fresh from his triumph in the Gold Boom, Lady Mount Temple, Mr. Jack Joel, Mr. Felix Goetz, Lord Erleigh, Jenny Dolly—in fact, there were all the ingredients necessary for the launching of a Cochran success. With scenes of the Regency days at Brighton, one expected to see Sir Harry Preston's head pop out of the Albion Hotel at any minute. Yvonne Printemps cried tears of joy at the end—she still continues her tears nightly.

COMINGS and goings include Major Jack Courtauld, the M.P. for Chichester, and Lord Lymington going off to India, from which country I learn that the fakirs, soothsayers and the like predict a world-war-cum-crisis within the next three years. They were right about the last war, the recent disturbances in Paris and Vienna, also the Indian earthquake. The Courtaulds have just come back from Lisbon, where Mr. "Barney" du Boulay has just married a lovely Portuguese. They tell of a wonderful hotel, Aviz by name, kept by two young men who have turned the family mansion into a real hotel-de-luxe.

THE Claude Leighs have returned from New York, Sir James Dunn has left for there, taking his daughter, Mrs. Antony Jenkinson. Mr. "Eddie" Tatham is at last back from America, having out-legged the bootleggers and jammed Justerini and Brooks down the salooners' throats. He finished up the good work with a ski-ing holiday in Canada. In Rome Mr. Vivian Cornelius is upholding all the best traditions of our Corps Diplomatique in the Embassy, and the Roman cavaliers are paying due deference to his wife's blonde beauty. Hugh Walpole sends a post-card from Octo Rios, where the fishing, he says, is good. This is in Jamaica, the scene of Lord Tennyson's many cricketing triumphs and ball-room successes.

AND John Farrow, Hollywood's "naughty boy" scenario-writer, who flashed like a meteor across London Society two years ago, sends a card from Mexicali, with a cross marking the spot. Whether this is the Casino, the best hotel, the registry office, or a gaol is hard to tell—for he has been in them all. In the last-named, it was due to his passport being somewhat irregular.

THE Savoy has re-opened its American Bar with some new decorations, with Harry Craddock still in charge. He has, of course, a new cocktail to celebrate this, and it is called "Spring in the Air." But the best turn at the Savoy is Tex Austin, of rodeo fame, who can often be seen standing in the hall with a large white hat, a cigar the same size, a red tie, and a check scarf—an encouraging example to Middle-West American visitors not to discard their national dress.

FIRST nights at cinemas seem to become more and more fashionable, and when the Curzon Cinema opens on March 6th with *Unfinished Symphony* . . ., I suspect that Mayfair will take it to their hearts. The Marquis de Casa Maury, whose latest venture this is, was in the R.A.F. during the war, and still holds a

TO GOINGS-ON

"The Bystander" in Society

Sketches by Molly Bishop

The Hon. Mrs. Tennant, wearing an amusing hat trimmed with three little tinkling bells, talking to Lord Donegall

Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen had on a red velvet béret; with her is Mr. Jim Mollison

Miss Joan Clarkson, described by Mr. Cochran in his book as "a real English rose," wearing a halo hat of white leaves and a simple black dress, was seen at a cocktail-party

pilot's licence. A racing motorist, he was managing director of Bentley Motors until August 1929, and he has also made a name for himself in modern decoration. Now the films have claimed him, and the Curzon will occupy all his time.

At Oxford *Dr. Faustus* was performed all last week by the O.U.D.S., under the guidance of Gyles Isham. Miss Primrose Salt was the spirit of Helen of Troy, and as such had nothing to say: moreover, she wore a long, flowing robe. A theatrical engagement of note is that of Mimi Crawford to Lord Suffolk; to even her most intimate friends it came as a surprise. In recent years she is to be remembered for her dancing in *Die Fledermaus*, at Covent Garden.

Lord Aberconway spoke at the Royal Horticultural Society's annual general meeting, held in Greycoat Street, Westminster. Gardening must surely be our greatest national hobby; there is a big increase of members in the Society.

With the coming of the spring, Lord Blandford is producing 2000 eggs a day from his Lowesby Farm: he is a great egg expert now, and surely should be elected to the Higglers' Union.

Covent Garden is awake early this season—that is, the Opera House, under Mr. Geoffrey Toye's direction. Already we learn that the Russian Ballet is coming there after the Opera season. This ballet, which had such a great success at the Alhambra last autumn, now wants to be known as "Colonel de Basil's Russian Ballet Company." Well, it shall.

MR. PEEPS

Woman to Woman

There are still a few young-marrieds who like dining à deux in restaurants, even in this age of inconstancy in which we live. Lord and Lady Milton were alone at the Embassy the other night. She was looking neat in navy blue, with a silver coat. The Archie Crabbes were another couple. She is a most attractive Canadian, and had on a red dress that night, with sable fur high round the neck in front and over the shoulders.

Another wearer of fur on her dress was Lady Buchanan Jardine. Her dress was of black velvet and the fur white ermine, and quite a lot of it, too. Clare Luce was also in black velvet and ermine, but she had *thousands* of ermine tails as well, too many to count—and at least one person tried. Mr. and Mrs. John Mason made up a trio with Mr. Henry Morrison.

If we are all to wear these long—*really* long—trains to our dresses, restaurants will have to be enlarged or some of us stay at home. They look hideous held up, and are impossible on the ground. There was one (we are still at the Embassy) of black net, all frills and things, quite three feet on the ground. The wearer nearly lost the end of it when Mrs. John Fane wasn't looking where she put her feet, in the ladies' cloak-room. Pity she didn't finish it off altogether: it was ridiculous. Mrs. Fane was with her attractive sister-in-law and their husbands, and Miss Mary Collins, who has been gracing us with her big, bright, blonde company this winter instead of India. Mrs. Euan Wallace wore blue and feathers, dancing with Sir Humphrey de Trafford. In the same party was Mrs. Cecil Pim. Mr. Ivor Guest seemed to be enjoying himself, and got going with the drums in the band before the evening was out.

Captain and Mrs. Cunningham-Reid, she in green lace and diamonds (mostly diamonds), had a party which included Mrs. John Bailey—Diana Chamberlain that was. It's hard to believe that Major Tommy Graves is always as happy as he looks. He is a marvellous person. He has never been seen with a plain woman, either—so much to his credit, or, possibly, his eye.

Two bits of news from India have come to the ear. One is that Mrs. "Bunty" Hewett (she was Joy Garrard, and is a sister of those twins we know so well) slept through the earthquake in Calcutta (it being the habit of women to rest in the afternoons out there), and woke up to find the lamp by her bed on her head and everything else in the room in a chaotic condition, which must all have been a bit of a shock for her.

The other piece of news is that Miss Joan Eyres-Monsell, who went off to India with her mother in November, is enjoying herself quite a bit, but in quite a different way to what she does in this country. She rides every morning (the ponies belonging to the Maharajah of Jaipur); she drives in a large and fast car, also belonging to the Maharajah; she watches polo (Will she do that in England this summer? Probably not); she shoots; in fact, she's become a thorough sportswoman.

A most attractive mother of three most attractive children is Mrs. Richard Agnew. She's quite lovely, and looks younger after each child, which is a rare and modern accomplishment. Her third, Lavinia Mary, was christened a week or two ago. The god-parents felt assured that the devil had left the child all right, as, although it didn't cry, it had violent hiccups!

MRS. PEEPS

Hostesses at the Café de la Paix

The Bystander's "Dinner, Dance and Cabaret" Supplement of February 20th contained some entirely erroneous information concerning the Hostesses at the Café de la Paix. Guests are *not* introduced from one table to another, nor do the ladies in question dance with strangers. Lady Charles Cavendish, Lady Marguerite Bligh, Miss Patricia Lowry-Corry, Miss Diana Mainwaring, Miss Betty Williams, and Miss Valerie Lynch merely act as hostesses to their own parties. The Bystander much regrets that its correspondent was misinformed and apologises very sincerely for unwittingly conveying a false impression.

"The Injustice

Yanetta (Suzanne Rissler), the wife of the accused man, Etchepare, despairs of justice being done, and prepares to take the law into her own hands

Judge Mouzon (Jacques Gretillat), the vill of the law by which he can enhance his o nevertheless spends his evenings in the comp

The Judge of the local Court (Jacques Gretillat), wishing the smuggler (Daniel Mandaille), questions him before t

The President of the Assizes and his assistants hear the case of Etchepare, who is accused of murder, and whose guilt has been made to look certain

Done to an Individual is Sometimes of Service to the Public"

"La Robe Rouge," at the Academy Cinema

"LA ROBE ROUGE," which starts its run at the Academy Cinema on March 3rd, is adapted from Brieux's famous novel of the same name, and is directed by Jean de Marguenat. Brieux's novel was an attack on a law then existent in France, under which a prisoner might be examined without his Counsel being present—a law which could lead to many abuses and the suffering of innocent men and women, and which was repealed partly as a result of Brieux's exposure of its injustice. In the film, every dramatic opportunity of the powerful story has been taken, and the Basque country has provided some very beautiful settings.

lain of the piece, who takes every advantage wn reputation and come nearer to promotion, pany of three light-hearted ladies of the town

g to bring about the conviction of Etchepare, the trial, without his Counsel being present

Yanetta, anguished with terror for Etchepare, who is held for murder, is dragged away from the door of his cell. This part is brilliantly played by Suzanne Rissler

CURLING WINNERS

(1) Mrs. le Fleming (No. 3), Sir Malcolm McAlpine (skip), Mrs. Leece (No. 2), and Mr. Mackworth (No. 1), the team that won the Holmes-Tarn Cup on the rink of the Palace Hotel, Villars. Sir Malcolm McAlpine is Vice-President of the Villars Curling Club

CONDUCTOR'S HOLIDAY

(2) Mr. Albert Coates, who has been conducting the pageant-production of "Elijah," at the Albert Hall, was photographed while he was out in Monte Carlo. He is with Mme. Conchita Supervia, the Spanish singer, and a small friend

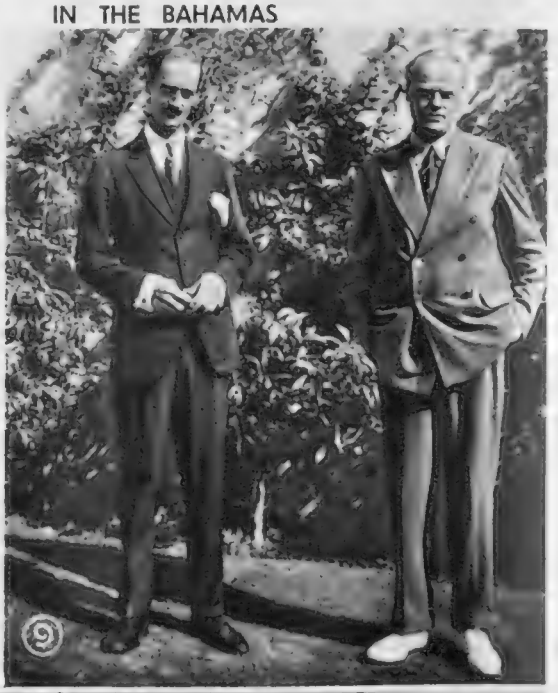
THE HOUSE GRIND

(6) Mr. Myles Petre, Miss Elizabeth Bonham, and Miss Alex Seymour at Oddington, where the point-to-point was held

(7) Lady Cottenham talking to Lord Lovat

(8) Miss Edith Addison, Miss Beatrice Baker, Mr. Rodney Gold, and Mr. David Tetley at the Christchurch Grind

IN THE BAHAMAS



(9) Sir Bede Clifford, the Governor of the Bahamas, and the Duke of Sutherland at Government House, Nassau

(10) Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, the Hon. Lady Clifford and the Earl of Athlone. The Athlones and the Duke of Sutherland have been staying with the Cliffords at Nassau

MALTA NEWS

(3) Lieut.-Commander C. R. Benstead, R.N., and Miss Eileen Power were both in "Murder on the Second Floor," as given by the Malta A.D.C. at the Royal Opera House, Valletta.

RACING AT DERBY

(4) E. Foster, Sir John Grey, Mrs. Aldridge and Miss Tempest at Derby for the February Steeplechase Meeting. Sir John Grey's West Curragh ran, unplaced, on the first day

(5) Miss Diana Puckle, an attractive and enthusiastic young "regulass," and Miss Topham both upheld the racegoer's tradition of wearing checks, at the Derby Meeting

ROUNDABOUT

Indoors, Outdoors, Home and Away

OUT HUNTING

(13) Miss Peggy Gerard Leigh and Miss Diana Clarke, Major Carlos Clarke's daughter, at the Quorn meet at Frisby

(14) The Hon. Mrs. Edward Greenall, the Hon. Mrs. James Beck, and Lady Blandford were out on foot at the meet of the Quorn at Frisby-on-the-Wreake

OXFORD PARTY

(11) A group at the party given by Mr. John de Laszlo after the Christchurch Grind: Mrs. Allan McLeod, Miss Alleyn, Miss Thompson Walker, Miss Gaythorne Hardy, Miss Rachel Berthwick, Mr. Allan McLeod, Mr. John de Laszlo, Mr. Michael Fleming, Mr. Peter Sturges, and Mr. F. Versen

(12) More guests at Mr. John de Laszlo's party. Mrs. Horlick, Miss Mild, Lord Lovat, Mr. A. Buckley, Mr. S. de Mier, Mr. M. de Mier, Miss Pamela Nicholls, and Mr. and Mrs. Pearce

A Racing Reverie

Windsor Winners

By "Regular"

Mrs. Glen Browne fixed her husband's number before he went out in the confined race at the West Waterford Point-to-Point meeting at Cappoquin. Mrs. Browne was formerly Miss Dorothy Musgrave, the Master of the pack

Lord Dalkeith and the Hon. Mrs. Balfour, two of the spectators at the Winter Meeting of the United Border Hunt Steeplechase at Kelso

Miss Alethea Talbot, seen on the right, with Miss Millvain, who were also among those present at the United Border Hunt Steeplechase

SOME days ere these lines appear in print I shall be sailing the high seas on a good ship, bound for foreign parts, and the racecourse will not see me again till Cheltenham, when I shall reappear, becomingly sunburnt, as is only befitting one who has spent long days in the desert.

IN a few hours I am off to Morocco, but, never fear, you will be hearing from me again next week. I can dish you up just as good dirt from Morocco as I can from Mayfair, and to provide local colour I shall, in all probability, send along a snapshot of the Mem hobnobbing with the Foreign Legion.

No one in this world is indispensable, and I hope and believe you will be able to get on all right without me for a week or two. Just at first you will say to one another, "It doesn't seem at all the same without Uncle," but time is a great healer, and in a day or so the aching void will disappear.

CONSOLE yourselves with the thought that you will hear from me every Tuesday, and always remember that the farther he is away, the cattier Uncle can be. It requires a brave man to write something disagreeable about someone, knowing you 're going to meet him or her at Hurst Park the next day; but no courage is required when you 're a thousand miles away.

MY last day's racing prior to my departure took place at Windsor, and a very sad day it was, too. In company with many others, I came to the conclusion that Blue Vision was a stone cold certainty. I love little Blue Vision, for, as my readers may remember, she has provided me with more "copy" than any other racehorse. I should have loved her still more dearly if she had obliged at Windsor, but she was beaten, and very easily, too, by the unconsidered outsider Davy Jones.

HAVING nothing better to do on the morning of the race, Tom Rayson tubed Davy Jones, and to show his gratitude, the old man of the sea came up—and I think "came up" correctly describes it—at the nice little price of 33 to 1.

TOM gave him a "view holloa!" as he passed the post, but I think I detected a sob in it. Davy Jones will not be 33 to 1 next time.

"GRIMEY" WHITELAW made young Peter Herbert pay through the nose for his plater, Courtesy, after he had won the seller. A week or two ago I warned Mr. Herbert on this page that someone might take a fancy to this very useful jumper, which is an even more attractive proposition by reason of the fact that it has a hunter's certificate.

GEORGE DULLER, on the other hand, got old "Nosey" back without a bid. I think Mr. Bateman could draw a very good cartoon of "The man who asked George if he wanted Nosiamas back."

AT various times I have committed a number of foolhardy actions which might have landed me in trouble. Intrepid as I may be, I should never have the pluck to bid for Nosiamas.

As befits a meeting which takes place under the shadow of the historic Castle and within a stone's-throw of Eton College, the meeting was patronised by all that is best among the aristocracy of this fair island in which we dwell. (How I move myself!)

LORD NORTHESK had brought his Countess, but had forgotten his overcoat. Mrs. Aldridge and Mrs. Barthropp had brought each other. Lady Dorothy Lygon had brought Lady Mary Dunn; and famous Etonians, in Sir John Grey and Mr. Tony Belville, were also present, blissfully happy to be in the proximity of the old school they love so well. Once again a lump rises in my throat.

MISS PRIMROSE SALT brought a pair of flashing eyes and a deal of excitement to the hearts of a number of susceptible Regulars; Tommy Rimell had brought Boldero (I wish he 'd left him at home); Ben Warner brought Sandro; Jack Burns (returned from his holiday) brought more noise than we have heard since he went away; and one trainer brought two non-tryers. It was a big day indeed.

I SHALL conclude with just a word or two of advice to be followed while I 'm away. Don't have a bet in the Lincoln. Don't get carried away if you 're told there 's only one tryer—more non-tryers have won races this season than ever before. Don't, in fact, ever expect to make money jumping (all the professionals have lost money this year), and above all, don't lay odds.

The Christchurch Grind

The Point-to-Point Season Begins

Above: Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Pearce, just before the Old Members' Race, in which Mr. Pearce rode his horse Clifford into third place

Above, right: Miss Daphne Allen, Miss Mercy Weaver, and Sir Charles Watson

Right: Miss Joyce Pilkington, Miss Jocelyn Wingfield, Mr. James Lane-Fox, and Miss A. Loyd on the course

Left: Miss Susan Henderson, with Mr. M. C. Pilkington, who was third in the House Grind on his horse Sandstorm

The Hon. Marcus Samuel and Miss Jean Hamilton sitting up aloft to watch a race. The Hon. Peter Samuel, Mr. Marcus Samuel's younger brother, won the Newton Cup on his Cobham

Mr. Long and the Hon. Doreen Gibbs, Lord Wraxall's half-sister, also chose that most popular of point-to-point grandstands—a car roof—from which to see the field go round the course at Oddington, near Islip, where the Christchurch point-to-point was run

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

J. H. T. Wilson, No. 5 in the Cambridge boat, who is the Champion of the Cam at sculling

WILL you be at Highbury next Saturday, when the Arsenal play Aston Villa in the sixth round of the Cup? I dare say you will, if you 've been lucky enough to get a seat: I 've noticed lately that more and more people of the type who used to watch only Rugby football and cricket are becoming "Soccer" enthusiasts.

Half-a-dozen times in the last week friends of mine have said to me, rather apologetically: "No, I shan't be playing golf; as a matter of fact, I 'm going to see the Arsenal." Why they should be apologetic I don't know. Association football is a superb game, and the Arsenal, of all teams, know how to make it worth watching.

I think, myself, that the Arsenal will beat the Villa.

Earlier in the season the Arsenal won by the odd goal, at Birmingham, you 'll remember, and the Arsenal at Birmingham and the Arsenal at Highbury are two very different teams. What is more, they are recovering now from the depressing effect of Herbert Chapman's death, and they will, I think, acquit themselves worthily as the only London club left in the race for the Cup.

What a job it must be, running a club like the Arsenal! Mr. George Allison, who has the interests of the club so much at heart, and who is now doing what he can in a busy life to help to preserve continuity of management, told me the other day something of the responsibilities involved. I began to think, and possibly I was right, that Herbert Chapman must have been a super-man, a kind of Hitler and Mussolini rolled into one, of the "Soccer" world.

ANYWAY, I should like to be at Highbury on Saturday, but I rather expect that I shall be making the most of the last few days of the coarse-fishing season. More and more mysterious it becomes, the disappearance of fish during the present drought. In most rivers now you can see the bottom clearly: on my new stretch of river, where the water is always clear, it is possible, and most depressing, to creep along the bank without seeing the sign of a fish in any of the recognised haunts. And even if you use 6X gut you will come away with an empty creel. The fish must be there, though: somewhere, in a deep hole—I know one such hole—they lie in regiments, packed tightly together, hundreds of them, specimens, glass-case fish, and quite beyond temptation. It is in that hole that moor-hens have been known to disappear with a squawk and a fearful splashing, dragged to their doom by a prodigious pike. Thirty pounds at least he is, that fish, and possibly much more, and this is not a fisherman's story.

BUT let us hasten on to serious sport, and when I tell you what I have just read in F. D. Amr Bey's new book, *The Art of Squash Rackets*, you will realise that I am serious indeed. It comes, this bombshell, in a chapter by Oke Johnson, the R.A.C. professional, a good fellow, and a good coach, who put Amr Bey in the way of becoming the best exponent of squash rackets we have ever had. Johnson explains how he overcame Amr Bey's temperament by fouling him and baulking him deliberately in their practice games. That was astute, but this is the point. Johnson ends this illuminating passage by saying—

G. S. De Freitas, the Clare President, winning the high jump, at 5 ft. 6 in., when Clare beat St. John's in the final of the Second Division inter-Collegiate Sports, held on Fenner's Ground, at Cambridge

S. G. Stephens, the St. John's President, shown in action winning the long jump, with 20 ft. 8 in., against Clare. The latter won by 62 2-3 pts. to 43 1-3 pts. Oxford meet Cambridge on March 10

Steeplechasing at Derby

The runners taking the water in fine style in the Elvaston Handicap at the February Meeting. The race was won by Mrs. F. Wint's Cubicle (J. Watts up)

A Bart.'s man well tackled in the match for the Hospitals Rugby Cup between St. Bartholomew's and Charing Cross Hospitals, which was played at Richmond, and won by the former by 19 points to 7

He got his temperament well under control and his sensitiveness became hardened to the inevitable rough-and-tumble of a man's game like squash.

And that, mark you, is not writ sarkastic, as Artemus Ward would say. The rough-and-tumble of squash rackets—what fearful vistas it opens up! But then, you expect a rough-and-tumble in a man's game. Honestly, though, Johnson seems to have allowed his enthusiasm to run away with his sense of proportion. Squash rackets may be a fast game—a more exacting one than lawn tennis or rackets, as some great exponents of all three games have maintained. It is certainly a most agreeable way of keeping fit, and it places a premium upon skill and subtlety.

But not a man's game, I hope. Not in the sense that boxing and Rugby football are men's games. A very lowly pastime altogether is squash rackets, and I cannot imagine why I have bothered to untie its pink ribbons and expose it to the light of day. Justifiable irritation, perhaps.

Three famous American lawn-tennis players, Helen Jacobs (U.S. Champion), George Lott and Virginia Rice on board S.S. Calemares en route for the tennis tournament in Jamaica

Let us turn, therefore, to boxing, and shed a tear for Jack Hood, ignominiously beaten last week by "Tiger" Smith. A year ago Hood would have eaten "Tiger" Smith, but Hood was too good a welter-weight; he could find no one to challenge him for his British title with any hope of success. He had three great fights with Len Harvey—beautiful boxing we saw then—and he fought Vince Dundee to a draw at the White City when he was untrained and only a substitute. But he could not expect to retain his speed and judgment of distance without frequent fights, and so his skill left him. A tragedy, in its way, but we shall place Hood high in the ranks of British champions.

I hope, incidentally, that we may believe the reports that Steve Hamas, the young American heavy-weight, is coming over here to challenge Harvey or Petersen. Hamas was a footballer, and he is now a tearaway fighter: he has won twenty-five out of thirty-seven fights with a knock-out, and a fortnight ago he beat Max Schmeling handsomely on points.

The sparks will fly if we get Hamas in a ring over here, and it would be mighty satisfactory, though somewhat unexpected, if Harvey or Petersen beat him, for he is ranked third among the American heavies.

It is an interesting commentary on the world situation, incidentally, that Hamas is coming here because the gates are better in England than they are in America. Shades of Dempsey and Tunney! Is this because there are no great fighters in America, or is it merely N.R.A.?

The year 1934 will be a boom one for lawn tennis. In addition to the far too numerous local tournaments, which do nothing to improve the standard of play, Wimbledon will not only stage *the* Championships, but the Wightman Cup Match and the final of the Davis Cup as well. We have an excellent chance of recovering the women's event, which was only won by the Americans by the narrowest margin last year, and of retaining the Davis Cup. In the quest for the latter it is not always realised that travelling all over the Continent to play preliminary rounds is not the best training for the final. The holders of the trophy have the inestimable privilege of remaining at home and playing as much or as little as they please to keep in trim, and I shall be surprised if, with this added advantage, we cannot retain the Cup. If only a doubles pair could be found as strong as Perry and Austin are in singles, the outlook would be still more hopeful.

Bedford Stalwarts

Some of the leading lights of Bedford Rugby Football Club, as pictured by H. H. Harris

"Finney"—H. W. Finlinson, Chairman

"Beef" Dancer

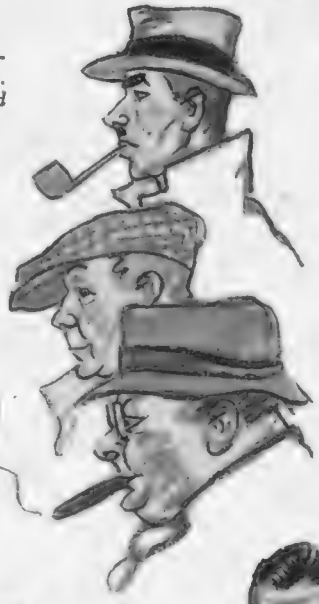
Groundsman Bob Reynolds, old-town hooker

Left: "Ronny" Eidsforth, full-back

Peter Perkins, County Treasurer for Bedfordshire, Chairman of Selection Committee, with the mascot, "Brufc"

"Theo" Thevenard

Right: three of the Committee (reading down): R. G. Rose, "Ernie" Blake, and "Deak" Deacon



Roger Perkins, the hooker

Arthur Marshall, Secretary, ex-leader for many seasons, Retired, 1933

"Ash" Ashwell, wing three-quarter

"Arnold" Sime (Captain), scrum-half

"Dave" Davies, Heavy-weight Champion, R.A.F.

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

The Services: Senior *v.* Junior

I HAD a number of suitably martial quotations running through my mind an hour or so back, but such is the mutability of man, I cannot now recall a single one. A pity, for they were good quotations, and I think you would have appreciated them; they were intended to be applied with considerable cunning to next Saturday's match between the Army and the Navy at Twickenham.

YOU will, at any rate, appreciate the match itself, for it is bound to be, as the Americans say, a hum-dinger. And, talking of Americans, I've just been looking again at a favourite book of mine, *Touchdown*, by Coach Amos Alonzo Stagg.

Coach Stagg looks after the football teams at the University of Chicago, and he has a snappy literary style. "We went out two weeks later," he says, "with blood on the moon, and whipped Ohio State, but we broke more than one suspender in the doing." He tells us of a Navy side which mystified its opponents by using naval phraseology. "The left half was the main-mast, the full-back the mizzen, and the anchor called for a kick. To hear a Navy quarter sing out: 'Furl the topgallant clew lines and hands by the halyards' shivered the timbers of many a land-lubberly opponent."

PERHAPS Elliot will make careful note of that. But maybe shouted instructions aren't so important, even in American football, judging by Coach Stagg's story of the negro who explained how he dictated the play of his all-black team.

"Dem niggers of mine couldn't learn no signals. I jes' chatter some numbers to fool dem Tuskegees, but de numbers didn't mean nothin'. I 'd say, 'Eight billions, forty-seven millions, six hundred an' 'leven thousan', nine hundred an' ninety-nine; tek dat ball, Rancey, an' go round dat lef' end!'"

But this is a digression, and I do not suggest for a moment that there is any real comparison between the ferocity of American football and the Army and Navy match.

Still, the Services always go uncommonly hard, and we shall see plenty of rib-crushing tackles at Twickenham, unless I 'm much mistaken.

LAST year, you may remember, the Army won the Services tournament with a first-rate side, and inflicted the heaviest defeat on record upon the Navy. What made this victory more remarkable was the fact that the Navy were a good enough team to win the tournament most years, and yet they were beaten by nineteen points to nil.

Unfortunately for the Army, three of the men who had most to do with this triumph are no longer available. J. R. Cole, who was in brilliant form at stand-off half, has gone abroad; E. H. Sadler, a most effective back-row forward, has joined the Northern Union; and so has A. J. Croston, a centre of considerable promise. What is more, D. A. Kendrew's injured knee is keeping him out of action, A. L. Novis is crocked, and A. Boast has never fully recovered from the shoulder trouble which began early in the season. We cannot, therefore, expect the Army to be so devastatingly formidable this year, though they will be quite strong enough to acquit themselves honourably.

TO begin with, they have two first-rate wings, B. V. T. Cowey, of Wales, and J. A. Crawford, who might well be playing for Scotland, so sturdy and determined a runner is he. Then they are experimenting with C. C. McReight in the centre; and McReight is a real footballer, versatile—he has been a scrum-half and stand-off half—quick off the mark and an opportunist. Their half-backs, too, are uncommonly good, for H. P. Glass is a much improved player, and G. J. Dean, who has also put in good work for the Harlequins and was capped for England in 1931, is one of the most lively of attacking scrum-halves.

THERE is no doubt that the Army are capable of scoring tries, if only their forwards will scrummage worthily, and this we may reasonably expect of them. H. P. Skinner, of the Harlequins, is a notable recruit to the Army pack, a tough, hard-working young player who should fit excellently into the second row. Look also at those three representatives of the strong-arm squad in the Army front row—Messrs. Rew, Pike and Troop. Rew is in tremendous form this year, as the Navy will surely discover, and Pike, as leader and hooker, is invaluable. A grand pack, this, but it will not be allowed to run riot on Saturday.

THE Navy must be feeling in pretty good trim after their unexpectedly smashing victory against the Air Force. That was a mysterious affair: the Navy are not such a brilliant side as that game made them out to be. It was just one of those days when everything goes right for one team, and nothing for their opponents. Somehow, the Air Force fell to pieces, and their defence was shot to bits. It would be unwise, for all that, to under-estimate the Navy's strength: they did at least prove that they could make the most of their opportunities.

It will be extremely interesting to see whether J. W. Forrest can control the run of play with the Navy pack. He was most successful with his tactics when England beat Ireland, and there have been days, notably against Oxford, when his handling of the United Services' forwards has triumphed over the lack of outstanding players behind the scrummage.

Forrest has a problem before him at Twickenham, for the Army forwards will be fit and powerful. I imagine, though, that he will at least try to beat the Army by sheer scrummaging, and if he does produce the straight shove, the wheel and the controlled heel, I shall forget my professional impartiality and cheer. I am, I hope, unbiased about this match: it does not matter a row of beans to me which side wins, but it would be splendid to acknowledge a triumph for tactics based upon sound and intelligent scrummaging, and it seems to me that Forrest has a chance of working such tactics effectively. This is, to my mind, the Navy's only chance, for, behind the scrummage, the Army hold the cards, and I am bound to suggest that, on paper, at least, the Army should win for the third year in succession.

"I do so loathe being jostled!"

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

Great Jews and a Great Greek

By A. G. Macdonell

IN these wild and chaotic days, when lunacy and persecution-mania seem to be sweeping over the world, and when, in large tracts of supposedly civilised countries, there has been a revival of the savage Jewish Pogrom, Mr. Hector Bolitho comes out with a timely reminder of what the history of the world owes to the Jews. He has edited a book called *Twelve Jews* (Rich and Cowan; 15*s.*), each chapter of which is written by a different author; and his list of the twelve men is certainly most impressive, and certainly vastly more impressive than the list of authors who have written the studies. There is, however, one extraordinary omission. In a book, the whole purpose of which is to display the many-sided genius of a many-sided and extraordinary race, it is quite incredible to find that the greatest of all living Jews has been left out. Professor Einstein is more than the greatest of living Jews. He is, by common consent, the greatest of living brains, and yet Mr. Bolitho has not awarded him a chapter in a book which contains Proust, who was only half a Jew, and Luigi Luzzatti. However, after this first grumble is over, I must hasten to say that I found this book very interesting. What astonishing people they were, those dozen men. Starting from nothing, with no advantages and every handicap, they had no help in the world except from their own brains, and they rose to supreme positions. The first is Marcus Samuel, who was born in Whitechapel and started in trade as a seller of "Presents from Margate"—boxes covered with shells for trippers to take home as souvenirs. He ended as one of the great oil-magnates of the world, and so great was his affection for that early trade of his that he clung to the name "Shell," and made it a household word wherever petrol is used.

In politics we have the meteoric Disraeli, whose glamour exceeded even his merits, and, in the realm of sculpture, Jacob Epstein. Freud, whatever we may think of his psychological notions, undoubtedly created a sensation, and even now has some faithful followers. Ludwig Mond represents science. He was the man who, more than any other, was symbolical of the new industrial world in which we live. Mond took a lovely, green corner of England, a quiet pastoral place, and set up his giant soda factory. He ruined a bit of England and he greatly enriched the English. You must arrange the profit-and-loss account for yourselves, but however you arrange it, you cannot but admit that he was a very great genius. Abroad, there are Proust, Rathenau, a magnificently able man, Max Reinhardt, and that incredible organiser of victory, Leon Bronstein, whom we know better under his assumed name of Trotsky.

"PRAYER FOR THE LIVING," by Mr. Bruce Marshall (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is a remarkable and original story. As a general rule, I detest all stories about boys at public schools, except *Tom Brown* and, of course, Mr. Evelyn Waugh's glorious nonsense. Most of them are written with what one might call a Fourth Form Snigger, and always seem appallingly self-conscious either of their lasciviousness or their gentility. But

Pearl Freeman

Margery Lawrence

Who has just published a "thriller," "Madame Holle." Her earlier book, "The Madonna of Seven Moons," has had a success in America, and another of her novels, "Silken Sarah," is expected to do equally well over there

Prayer for the Living is something quite different. It is a book without the vestige of a snigger, and it contains many beautiful and moving scenes. One little scene, indeed, is high tragedy almost in the classical mould; a tiny scene, but terrible. The last year's cricket captain had gone straight from the Scottish school of St. Kentigern into the Seaforth Highlanders and had lost a leg at Ypres. He comes down to play in the Old Boys' Match, wooden leg and all. He struggles painfully out on to the ground where he had won so many triumphs and, in playing at his first ball, falls over and is clean-bowled. He struggles back to the pavilion where "he sat down and saw all the cricket matches in which he would never play." *Prayer for the Living* is an uneven book. There is far too much theology in it, for one thing, and there is a quite unnecessary baby whose idiotic baby-talk is irritatingly recorded phonetically. But in spite of these defects, this story of a public school in war time is definitely worth reading.

ANOTHER story about schoolboys—a preparatory school this time—is contained in Lord Berners' *First Childhood* (Constable; 8*s.* 6*d.*), and it is the usual tale of a sadistic headmaster, and a pack of little brutes who take a profound delight in torturing those weaker than themselves. But there is more in Lord Berners' autobiography than this, and he includes many charming and delicately-etched pictures of his early life, his fox-hunting mother, his cigar-smoking father, with his invincible superiority-complex, and his pre-school environment. Quiet and discriminating taste is the motif of *First Childhood*, and one can only pray that Lord Berners will not later drag us through the well-worn recital of English public-school life.

IF William Morris was alive to-day he would undoubtedly burst with a reverberating crash into a million fragments, from the sheer pent-up force of moral indignation at the grotesqueries of the modern world. He did a good deal of exploding in his own day over one thing and another—poverty, ugliness, machines, "capitalist exploitation of the working-classes," and many more. What would he have thought of a Tudor petrol-station, or the ribbon development along our arterial roads? Mr. Paul Bloomfield has written a new biography of this brilliant and many-sided man (Barker; 10*s.*) which is a competent if somewhat uninspired piece of writing.

THERE are some historical books which are far more thrilling than any "thriller," and high up in this class is *Alexander* (Routledge; 10*s.* 6*d.*), by Professor F. A. Wright. There is an everlasting fascination about this man, whom Mr. Wright places, as an historical figure, above even Cæsar, Charlemagne, and Napoleon. The whole story is a wild romance from end to end; how this youth marched with a handful of heavily-armed, highly disciplined Greek soldiers against the hordes of the East, and how he overthrew them in pitched battles and captured their strong places and entered Persepolis and Ecbatama and Susa, until at last he came to the Indus and his men would not go farther *Alexander* is a most exciting book.

FOR reasons which are obvious, a review of *Napoleon and His Marshals*, by A. G. Macdonell (Macmillan; 7*s.* 6*d.*), cannot find a place on this page, but it is felt that no accusation of log-rolling can be made if attention is merely called to the fact that such a book has been published and most favourably reviewed elsewhere.—EDITOR.

A portfolio of fashion compiled weekly for the Bystander by M. Gaulard

Emile suggests a coronet and curls

Smooth lacquered curls at the nape of the neck

wind swept curls are kept in place by lacquer

a becoming coiffeur by Emile

Miss Dorothy Dyson curls the back only of her fair hair

A Spring suit and its accessories

LONDON, in striking contrast to the other capitals of Europe is a gay city full of taxis, news and first nights, and even a fashion editor feels quite optimistic about spring and the new Collections which no one in a taxi-less, strike-threatened Paris could.

The fashion news this week is unusually cheerful—Fortnum's launched a new skating boot far superior to anything previously procurable in this country and celebrated it by a gay party at the Ice Club.

Miss Rosemary Stuart wore it, together with a charming skating costume designed by Rose Taylor, the clever *directrice* of the fashion floor at Fortnums, and promptly won a prize. The costume deserves a word—it was made in cherry red velveteen and had its tights and sleeves attached to a slip over which the dress was worn, thus obviating any pull and at the same time allowing complete freedom of movement. It was completed by a scarf tied at the neck and a béret of the same material pulled down on one side.

Matita, that foremost designer of sports clothes, announces his new collection of SUMMER models—summer mark you, so anyone going south or on a cruise, or returning to those upside-down Colonies can be sure of getting absolutely the last word—not something left over from last season.

Then Reville-Terry has particularly good news—Elspeth Champcommunal has been persuaded to return to London (she is English but has lived in Paris these dozen years) and has designed the new spring collection for them. All those who remember the enchanting salons painted by Pruna in her Paris house will delight to welcome such a talented designer in our midst again. The *première* of their new show is to-day so hurry up and if you haven't got a card tell them you saw the announcement in the BYSTANDER and I know they 'll let you in.

It 's time to say something about the sketches on this and the opposite page—the coat and skirt is one of Studd and Millington's new suggestions for the spring. They have several others, a particularly good range of West of England materials from which to choose, and the first price is 8½ guineas.

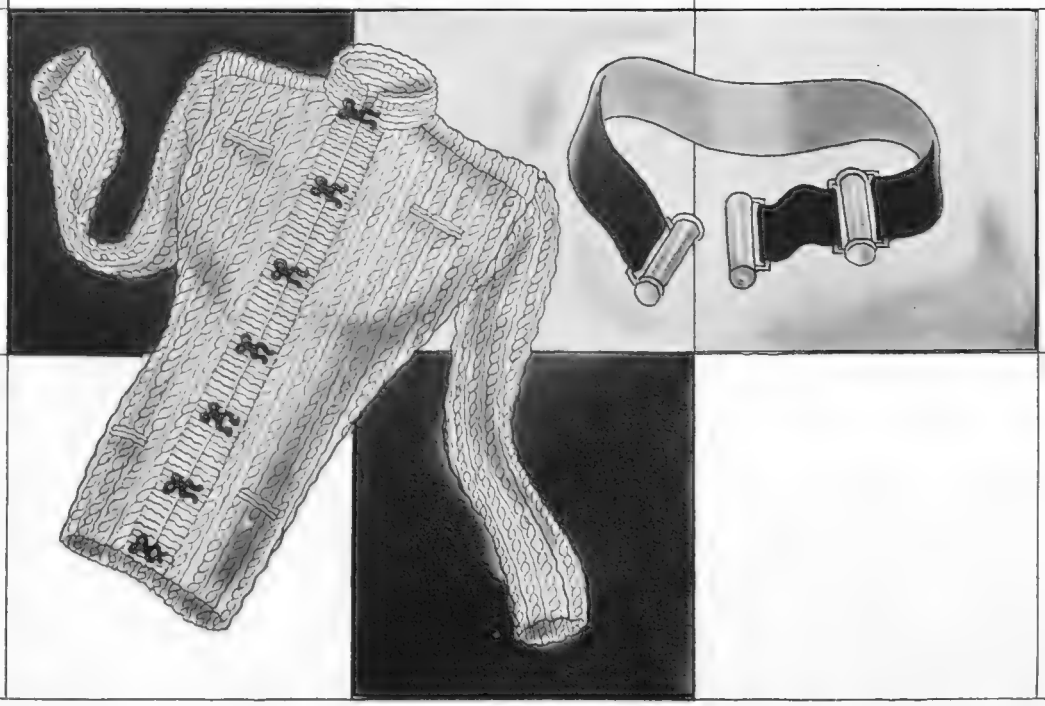
The hat comes from Scott's and is a wearable version of the shallow George Robey hat. In felt it can be obtained in black, brown or any colour to order—with this suit of course it should match the darkest line of the check. The flat envelope bag also comes from Scott's and is in felt with a wooden plaque studded with nail heads for a fastener. Can also be obtained in several colours and costs 35s.

The peccary skin gloves are from Harvey Nichols—really grand ones piped with dark brown and with buttons on the gauntlets. Incidentally if you want fabric, not leather gloves, and a hand-bag to accompany a more formal afternoon costume Harvey Nichols have got the smartest I 've seen. The palms are of suède and the material cleverly stretches and fits over the hands so that they don't look too Mickey-Mousey as do most fabric gloves. The matching bag is a flat envelope shape and extremely well fitted.

For a jumper I went to Jaeger's because the rope pattern of this one intrigued me—beautifully hand-knitted and fastened with large hooks and eyes covered with the same wool. Could be worn over a blouse and used as a cardigan coat in the country. The belt is also Jaeger's, simple but " nace."

The smart walking shoe comes from Dolcis and is made with the popular apron or Norwegian vamp.

If there 'd been room I would have added a clip I saw at Marjorie Castle's. A jade leaf on which sits a small jade frog enlivened by a glint of jewels—very new and suitable for severe morning clothes. I also particularly liked some handkerchiefs she is showing—just large plain beige lawn ones but of a lovely texture. M.G.



Checked by Madge Garland.

"The Bystander" SPRING MEDAL FOURSOMES (1934)

At Wentworth

"The Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes (10th year), at Wentworth, will be played, by kind invitation of the club, on the East and Centre Courses, on Tuesday, April 10th, 1934.

Holders: MRS. H. GUEDALLA and MISS A. REGNART

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps limited to 30: play under half combined handicaps. Entries from couples over the handicap limit will not be accepted. Handicap certificates to be shown before play. Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps.

Entries limited to 100 couples. Entries beyond that limit will be placed on a waiting list to fill any vacancies that may arise.

Competitors may choose their own partners and opponents, and in the event of their orginal partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts, if they will kindly notify Miss Helme.

Competitors may request a starting time, these being allotted in order of request, but not before 9.0 or after 11.15. Competitors will start their second round approximately three-and-a-half hours later than their first round. Play will be over 36 holes, eighteen holes on the East Course and eighteen on the Centre Course, and it will be decided by a draw which couples shall play on which course in the morning.

Entries close on Monday, April 2nd, or earlier, if the limit of 100 couples is reached before that date. Starting times will be posted to each competitor at latest on April 4th.

The Directors of THE BYSTANDER reserve the right to add to or alter these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor will be final on all points.

WENTWORTH — NO ENTRANCE FEE

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Monday, April 2nd, 1934.

"THE BYSTANDER" One Day SPRING MEDAL FOURSOMES, 36 holes (Tenth Year)

To be played at Wentworth, Tuesday, April 10th, 1934

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* .....*of*..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address.....*Telephone No.*.....

To play in the above Foursomes at Wentworth with

Mrs. / *Miss* .....*of*..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address.....*Telephone No.*.....

Our opponents will be

Mrs. / *Miss* .....and *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

who will send in their own entry. OR, please fix us up with opponents.

If that time is not already taken, we should like to start the first round at.....*or if there is no free time within fifteen minutes of that we should like an earlier/later one, if possible at about*.....

(No starting time can be allotted before 9.0 or after 11.15 for the first round. Competitors will start their second round approximately 3½ hours later than their first round.)

PRIZES

Challenge Trophies and Replicas for the best scratch aggregate of 36 holes. Prizes for the best scratch return on the East Course. Prizes for the best scratch return on the Centre Course. Prizes for the best handicap aggregate of 36 holes. Prizes for the best handicap return on the East Course and on the Centre Course.

Ties for the aggregate will be decided by the scores returned by the tieing couples over the East Course; ties for the eighteen-hole prizes by the last nine holes of the tieing cards.

Exclusive of any sweeps that may be arranged, the winners of the Challenge Trophies cannot take any other prizes, nor may any pair take more than one prize. **No card taken out in the second round can compete for an eighteen-hole prize unless the pair returning it have completed and returned their first-round card.**

The Entry Form is on the left.

"The Bystander" Ladies' NORTHERN FOURSOMES (12th Year)

"The Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes, 1934, will be held at Birkdale, by kind invitation, April 17th and following days.

Holders: MRS. A. P. BLAND and MRS. JOHNSON

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but THE BYSTANDER reserves the right to accept entries from visitors from other countries without L.G.U. handicaps.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. Helme, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Monday, April 2nd.

In the event of any player's partner failing, she may substitute another up to the time of starting play if she notifies Miss Helme of the change.

Alteration of handicap should also be notified at once.

THE BYSTANDER reserves the right to close the entry list before April 2nd should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples, and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners, and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

The Directors of THE BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter or amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

BIRKDALE — NO ENTRANCE FEE

"THE BYSTANDER" LADIES' NORTHERN FOURSOMES (Twelfth Year)

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Monday, April 2nd.

"The Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes—Birkdale, on April 17th, 1934, and following days.

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of ..... *Club, L.G.U. Handicap* .....

Home address.....

Telephone number .....

To play in the above handicap foursomes with

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club, L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home address .....

Telephone number .....

Please notify change of partner, handicap, or address, to Miss Helme, as above, or after April 13th to Royal Hotel, Southport. Telegrams and Telephone: Helme, 4101 Southport.

HOTELS

"The Bystander" headquarters will be the **Royal Hotel, Southport.**

Special Terms:

Room, bath and full board, 16/6 each person per day.
Room, bath, breakfast and dinner, 15/-.

"Bystander" Northern Foursomes
N. P. F. A. Competition (3rd Year)

Holder of Challenge Trophy: MRS. PLATT

Particulars will be announced later.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* THE BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON — FEBRUARY

Name *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

.....

Golf Clubs at Home

Personalities Photographed at Northampton

(1) W. R. Kew (past Captain, and Town Clerk of Northampton) and A. Fidler. (2) C. G. G. Souter (past Captain, and Chairman of Green Committee), R. S. Jellyman (Hon. Competition Sec.). (3) E. A. Black (Captain of the Club). (4) H. J. Beers and G. B. Muscott. (5) G. E. Dazeley (Vice-Captain) and W. A. Dunn. (6) F. C. Wild (past Captain and Hon. Sec., Northampton Golf Union) and A. F. Gill (past Captain). (7) W. A. B. Vann (past Captain) and Percy G. Jones. (8) Charles Wright (past Captain) and R. E. Rushton. (9) W. E. Warrington (Hon. Treasurer), and A. McFarlane (Hon. Sec.). (10) F. C. Roe, P. Hutton, and A. S. Alibone

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk" Caricatures by "Jonk"

Ralph Delmé-Radcliffe

THE kind of dinner that is dreamt of by ambitious young members of the Stock Exchange was held the other day when the Committee and Managers entertained Neville Chamberlain, Montagu Norman, and the heads of the Big Five to dinner in the House. To those who take their career in the financial world seriously, this was certainly a gathering of the gods. The last occasion of the same kind was in 1929, during Lord Snowden's Chancellorship, when a much more dismal prospect was in view, and the meaning of the phrase "economic blizzard," had only begun to be guessed at. The dinner was a private one, speeches were entirely unofficial, and no reporters were present; but the fact that the Chancellor of the Exchequer's remarks were tempered with careful optimism has become known. So has the neat phrase he used when, referring to the Budget surplus, he talked about getting a scientist or a professor to help him with the job of "splitting the atom."

AFTER the dinner, which, no doubt, was a particularly good one, even when judged by the Committee's standards, the visitors were escorted round the Stock Exchange, as the custom is. Only the rosy haze of good wine and good cigars could make this tour a thing of beauty, although the memorials, when flood-lit, look very fine. The habitual prank of altering the Bank Rate, for the benefit of the Governor of the Bank of England, was played. Next morning, the usual cigar-stump was rumoured to have been found in "the pulpit." Although "the pulpit" is a waiter's stand near the Nicholl Brothers' pitch, neither of them claims to have found it.

RALPH DELMÉ-RADCLIFFE has been entertaining down at Hitchin Priory, the lovely and historical old place he owns in Hertfordshire, parts of which date from the thirteenth century. "Goddy" Godwin took a large concert-party down there and gave a show in aid of the local unemployed. The entertainment, which included the raffling of a gift sent by the Duchess of York, realised over £80, and was a great success altogether. Members of the concert-party were given a very good dinner after the show, and came back to London in high fettle. Ralph Delmé-Radcliffe is as good a host as he is charming in his working hours; he is very popular in the House. Down in Hertfordshire he is a leading light, and a chairman of the local Conservative Association. He is a great racing man, and a good shot, and has some excellent shooting at the Priory. And, lastly, he always wears his own brand of collars in the evening—the kind that don't have any turned-down wings.

YET another bit of entertaining was done by the Crouch Hill Bowling Club, when, on their indoor rink, they were hosts to two rinks of Stock Exchange bowlers, under the captaincy of Seaton Tiedeman. We have written before of his size and skill, and the shield that he has on his wood. He is a son-in-law of Silas Hocking, the novelist. What makes his visit to Crouch Hill of special interest is the fact that he is that club's new vice-president.

Seaton Tiedeman

Neville Chamberlain

AFTER hearing about the Top-Hat Club in the House of Commons, and reading the third leader in the *Times*, we find that hats have gone to our heads again, and so we must get a bit in about what is nearly our favourite subject. At present there seems to be no need at all in the Stock Exchange for a top-hat club whose main object is to encourage the wearing of these black beauties, but there is plenty of room for such a foundation if it would attempt to enforce rules with regard to accessories. Wearing brown boots, brown spats, or gardening suits with top-hats would be strictly forbidden, the use of goloshes would be discouraged, except in snowy weather, and umbrellas, if carried, should be well-rolled. Hats should not be worn on the back of the head, straight, or at an angle of more than thirty-three-and-a-third degrees. Members of the club who were seen wearing their hats at lunch would immediately be expelled, although exceptions might be made to this rule in cases of extreme baldness and the use of wigs. But, really, in the Stock Exchange it would probably be much less bother to start a club for the quicker circulation of new stories, and not worry about hats.

HERE is a story about W. T. Shaw that has recently been rejuvenated. One of his clients wanted advice as to the investment of some money. He was a fastidious man, and his need for information was only satisfied after very many stocks and shares had been discussed in detail and from all angles. This took a long time, and did not end in any final decision. On seeing his client some weeks later, Mr. Shaw asked him whether he had yet made up his mind about his investments. "Oh, yes," said the client. "I bought those shares you suggested, but I did it through another broker, as I did not want to bother you any more."

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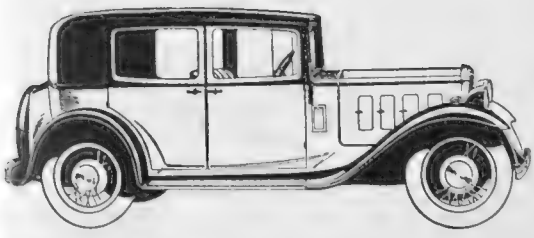
Thousands of miles of dependable motoring ahead of her...

She's **INVESTED IN AN AUSTIN**

She's got at last what she always wanted: a car whose mechanism she can forget, a demon for work, a niggard on fuel, an ungrudging slave, a friend in a thousand . . . *a dependable Austin.* She bought it partly on the recommendation of friends, partly on her own observation. Surely, she thought, these thousands on the road are not the result of haphazard choice. It must be that dependability tells! And she was right. Now she can seat herself at the wheel for the longest journey by day or night, with a carefree mind—so comfortable, so confident that her Austin will see her through. She's happy with the gears—for Synchromesh makes all the difference. The car rides the road steadily, thanks to the new cross-braced frame which, incidentally, eliminates body-rattle, while the new colour schemes and spare wheel cover add just the finishing touch of smartness she wanted. Yes, Jane knows she has thousands of miles of dependable motoring ahead of her. *And you?*



The Sixteen Westminster De Luxe Saloon

YOU BUY A CAR—BUT YOU INVEST IN AN

AUSTIN

The Sixteen Westminster De Luxe Saloon (*as illustrated*). A distinctive five-seater four-window model. Exceptionally wide doors. Upholstery in Vaumol hide, Bedford cord or moquette. Occasional folding tables. 16 h.p. or 18 h.p. engine optional. Four-speed gearbox with Synchromesh gears. Triplex glass. Dunlop tyres. Price at works **£348.** The Sunshine Roof fitted to Austin cars, and used exclusively for the last three years, is made by us under licence from The Pytchley Autocar Company.

Read the Austin Magazine : 4d. every month.

The Austin Motor Company Limited, Birmingham and 479 Oxford Street, London. London Service Depots: 12, 16 & 20 h.p. Holland Park, W.11. 9 & 10 h.p. North Row, W.1

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

The Halford Hewitt Cup

THE Halford Hewitt Festival, to which ex-public schoolboys from all over England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales annually trek, with tingling golf clubs and keen anticipation, is due to be held this year, of course at Deal, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, March 23rd, 24th and 25th. Actually, the final will not be played until the Monday, for the number of entries received in 1934 creates a record, and it is impossible to play out the Tournament in the usual three days.

Thirty-seven schools have entered, and the two teams which reach the final will play on Monday morning at 10.15. It is a pity—but it cannot be helped. Obviously this Tournament, while everyone is out to win it, yet is principally so superlatively successful because of its carnival atmosphere, and so the thirty-seven schools which have entered, representing 370 actual players, with a good many hangers-on and reserves of various descriptions and sizes, is a triumph for the founder of the Tournament—Halford Hewitt himself, in whose fertile and benevolent brain the idea first germinated. The twenty who will compete in the final are no doubt amply rewarded for their individual inconvenience of having to extend the week-end, in that so many others—new faces—will have been present to festivitate.

The most interesting, perhaps, of the new entries is that of the Old Watsonians. They are reputed to have collected together a team which, on paper, is even more preposterously skilful than the Old Carthusians; someone, in fact, has whispered to me that the last pair will be composed of plus players—which is a rather startling prospect for the Old Reptonians, who meet them in the first round.

Other new schools entered are Ampleforth and Beaumont, who have at last (but none the less welcome) come to assist the Old Gregorians in a Papal Plot for victory. Information has not reached me as to the strength of these two teams, but the great point about the Halford Hewitt Cup is that it does not matter two hoots how good or how bad a team may be on the field—off it is what matters. Victory is none the less sweet in this competition, but is rather less important than in many others, and thus the annual event gains both in attraction and in merit.

THE draw this year seems to be rather better than usual in that the stronger teams seem to be more evenly distributed in the top and the bottom halves. Unless they get stage-fright at this new competition—which seems unlikely, in view of the personnel of the team—the Old Watsonians look good to me to get into the final from the top half of the draw. They will have as their principal opponents the Old Rugbeians, who are the holders of the Cup. Perhaps one might also mention the Old Wykehamists in this half of the draw, but, although goodish on paper, they always contrive to be most disappointing when it comes to the actual battle. Maybe on this occasion . .

In the bottom half of the draw there are the Old Carthusians, who are in the habit of creating surprises or victories, and who must be considered favourites for the final, in spite of the presence of the Old Etonians and the Old Harrovians in this half. Incidentally, these two teams seem to have a very good chance of fighting out what is now an almost annual Eton and Harrow battle in the second round of the competition, if on the first day the Old Harrovians can master another disappointing but talented team in the Old Westminsters.

"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy: 1934

Open Amateur Meeting under Handicap, for Men, will be played at

Parkstone, April 7 and 8

For full particulars, conditions, entries, hotel accommodation, etc., please see the back cover of this week's Issue.

I AM informed that since last year certain alterations have been made to the club-house of the Deal Golf Club, or, to give it its full and impressive name, the Royal Cinque Ports Golf Club. The old smoking-room is now the dressing-room. It has, in fact, changed places with the old dressing-room, which has now been made into a magnificent smoking-room, with large bay windows, which give an extensive and splendid view of the course. This sounds a very great improvement, for it not only brings the smoking-room very much nearer to the bar—a matter which should be satisfactory to everyone—but it also enables those who are waiting to go out and play, to remain in the warmth for the longest possible time. Hitherto it has sometimes been necessary to wander out in front of the club-house in order to see the number on the starting-box, with—so bad has the weather sometimes been—the risk of pneumonia or at least a cold. Now all that the intending competitor will have to do is to look out of the windows of the smoking-room, whence he can get an excellent view of the starting-box, and he will not be dragged from the fireside one second earlier than will be absolutely necessary.

While these improvements, for improvements they undoubtedly are, may appear to be obvious, and ones which should have been put into operation some time ago, yet the obvious things are frequently the less easily thought of, and as I understand that the whole cost of the improvements has been borne by private subscription among members of the club, I do feel that all those Old Boys who will be competing at Deal owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Halford Hewitt and his confederates (notably Mr. Bernard Drew, the secretary), not merely for the fact of the Halford Hewitt Cup being in existence at all, but also for that consideration for the comfort of competitors which is so noticeable at Deal.

FINALLY, to all those who play the game of golf, and who belong to schools not, so far, represented in the Halford Hewitt Cup at Deal, let me say the following: urge your secretary (or if you have no golfing society, found one!) to enter next year. Refuse to listen if he says that the men he would collect have no chance; cite many instances of teams tailing off well into double-figure handicaps, and ask him if these teams have enjoyed themselves less, because of their comparative lack of skill, while at Deal. Skill matters nothing in the general good-fellowship; the most illustrious are not necessarily the most popular.

Then go and drink a health to Halford Hewitt!

Captain G. A. Moxon, Army Golfing Society, and Mr. Butler, the Secretary of West Hill

W. S. Mitchell-Innes, one of the Oxford University team, which is showing very fine form

Quality Tells—

"Ah! there's a distinction about this glorious whisky doubly appreciated when one knows it costs only 12/6"

Sanderson's VAT 69

LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

Wine and Spirit Dealers, Restaurants and Bars everywhere stock VAT 69 and are proud to sell it.

DISTILLED IN SCOTLAND SINCE 1863

"The Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

BEGINNER'S LUCK.—R. C. Sherriff's new play, with Hugh E. Wright as a sweepstake winner who lives in Putney, and Margaret Wilson as his wife: Embassy, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE BIG HOUSE.—Nicholas Hannen and Alison Leggatt in Lennox Robinson's play about a house in Ireland in the "troubles": Playhouse, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.40.

CHRISTOPHER BEAN, THE LATE.—The discovery of a lost masterpiece upsets Cedric Hardwicke and all his family; only Edith Evans and her Welsh accent remain more or less unperturbed: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Leslie Banks excellent as Clive, the man of adventure, Gillian Lind equally good as his wife, in a historical drama of action and power: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

COMPAGNIE DES QUINZE.—The season's programme includes Pierre Fresnay in Ober's "Don Juan": Globe.

ESCAPE ME NEVER!—Elisabeth Bergner acts brilliantly but the erratic Bohemianism of Marguerite Kennedy's play about the Sangers allows her only limited opportunities to demonstrate the greatness of her art: Apollo 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FIRST EPISODE.—A first play, uneven but amusing, on the female complications of University life, with Barbara Hoffe and Meriel Forbes as the complications, Patrick Waddington and William Fox as their victims: Comedy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST.—The first Vic-Wells presentation of Wilde's comedy, with Charles Laughton as Dr. Chasuble: Old Vic, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

JULIUS CÆSAR.—The second Stoll Shakespearean production is spectacular but well-controlled; Godfrey Tearle superb as Antony; Basil Gill plays Brutus and Franklin Dyall Cassius: Alhambra, 8.15 (except Mondays). Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.—Marie Tempest has the perfect part in H. M. Harwood's brilliant comedy: Queen's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PRIVATE ROOM.—Thea Holme and Alan Napier in Naomi Royde-Smith's play (originally called "Lilla") about the innocent co-respondent's part in a divorce: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE QUEEN WHO KEPT HER HEAD.—Another play about Henry VIII (Raymond Lovell), with Laura Cowie's acting as Katherine Parr to give the strongest character-interest: Kingsway, 8.15. Friday, 2.30.

REUNION IN VIENNA.—Perfect polish, wit, and charm, and the authentic Viennese glamour, for which grateful bouquets may be handed to Robert Sherwood, who wrote the play, and to Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, and Cecil Parker, who play, respectively, the wife, her ex-princely lover, and her psychiatrist husband: Lyric, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

RICHARD OF BORDEAUX.—Last weeks of this successful historical play, with John Gielgud and Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies as Richard and his Queen: New, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.—A revival of Clifford Bax's play about that so-fashionable monarch, Henry VIII., with Frank Vosper again as the King: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A SLEEPING CLERGYMAN.—Robert Donat and Dorice Fordred continue their brilliant acting in James Bridie's play on the roundabouts and swings of heredity; J. H. Roberts has succeeded Ernest Thesiger as the Uncle: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SUCCESS STORY.—Jeanne de Casalis, Beatrix Lehmann, and Esmé Percy in an American "big business" play: Cambridge, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30

WITHIN THE GATES.—Sean O'Casey's new play: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

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CONVERSATION PIECE.—Yvonne Printemps witty, mocking, always delightful, as the heroine of Noel Coward's Regency play, which is set in a perfect frame of décor and dresses; the author, studied and grave, plays an elderly Duke: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GAY DIVORCE.—Last chances to see Fred Astaire's inimitable dancing, with Claire Luce as his partner, before he returns to America: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HERE'S HOW.—In George Robey's new revue he has Lili Damita as his opposite number: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

L'OISEAU BLEU.—An international revue; many of the players are from the Imperial Theatre, Moscow: Duke of York's, 8.30. Sat., 2.30.

MR. WHITTINGTON.—A patchy but occasionally wildly amusing musical comedy, with Jack Buchanan as its gay mainstay, and Elsie Randolph, Alfred Drayton, and Fred Emney as its further supports: Hippodrome, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NICE GOINGS ON.—The best laughing show that 's on; Leslie Henson never gives his audience a solemn moment. Robertson Hare and Zelma O'Neal do their share: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

YOURS SINCERELY.—Sketches, dances, songs, with Viola Tree, Binnie Barnes, Louise Brown, and Caryll and Munday to put them over: Daly's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

AFTERWARDS.—Walter Hackett mixes crookery with farce, Marion Lorne, Ronald Squire, and Gordon Harker topping the cast: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LABURNUM GROVE.—Edmund Gwenn as the family-man who may or may not be a crook, and Mary Jerrold as his wife, in J. B. Priestley's entertaining mystery-comedy: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LADIES' NIGHT.—An Aldwych farce, with a Turkish bath centrepiece, and Sydney Howard "What 's-to-do-ing" with his customary verve and hand-play: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting the clock back nearly saved his skin; Robert Douglas in his original part: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

THE GOLDEN TOY.—Ludwig Berger's Arabian Night, with Peggy Ashcroft, Ion Swinley, Ernest Thesiger, Nellie Wallace: Coliseum, February 28th, 8.

THE COUNTRY WIFE.—Baliol Holloway, Aubrey Mather, Margaretta Scott in the revival of Wycherley's comedy: Ambassadors, March 1st.

OPERA

OPERA.—The Vic-Wells season continues at Sadler's Wells.

CINEMAS

CATHERINE THE GREAT.—Elisabeth Bergner as the Empress, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as the Czar, in another English film of history on the grand scale; Paul Czinner directed: Leicester Square.

THE CONSTANT NYMPH.—With Victoria Hopper as Tessa, Brian Aherne as Lewis Dodd, the film continues its successful run: Marble Arch Pavilion.

DUCK SOUP.—The four Marx Brothers in one of their amazing, nonsensical riots: Carlton.

FOOTLIGHT PARADE.—A spectacular film—girls and music predominating: Regal, from March 2nd.

FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE.—Claudette Colbert and Herbert Marshall as the two most important frightened ones: Plaza.

JACK AHOY!—Jack Hulbert's new bit of screen foolery: Tivoli.

QUEEN CHRISTINA.—Greta Garbo excels even herself as the Swedish Queen, in a beautifully directed film: Empire.

LA ROBE ROUGE.—A strong film, based on Brieux's novel, with lovely photography: Academy.

LE ROSIER DE MADAME HUISSON.—A revival of the virtuous Isodore's amusing story: Cinema House.

LA RUE SANS NOM.—A new French film, with Pola Illery (of "Sous les Toits"), Gabriel Gabrio, and Constant Rémy: Rialto.

MUSIC

Orchestral

B.B.C.—Ernest Ansermet conducts; the programme includes Elgar's "Enigma" Variations, Debussy's "La Mer," and the Brahms violin Concerto in D with Szigeti as soloist: Queen's Hall, February 28th, 8.15.

FRIEDRICH WÖHRER.—Plays the Haydn D major and the Brahms' C minor Concertos with members of the L.P.O., conducted by John Barbirolli: Aeolian Hall, February 28th, 8.15.

R.P.S.—Adrian Boult visits the L.P.O. and conducts Smetana's "Bartered Bride" Overture, Brahms' Fourth Symphony, and Elgar's Violin Concerto; Albert Sammons is the soloist: Queen's Hall, March 1st, 8.15.

MASS IN D.—In honour of Dame Ethel Smythe; the L.P.O., conducted by Beecham, with the Royal Choral Society, and Isobel Baillie, Mary Jarred, Trefor Jones, and Keith Falkner as soloists: Albert Hall, March 3rd, 2.30.

L.S.O.—Gaspar Cassado plays Arnold Bax's new 'Cello Concerto; the programme, with Sir Hamilton Harty conducting, includes Brahms's Second Symphony and Mendelssohn's Fourth Symphony: Queen's Hall, March 5th, 8.15.

Recitals

STRAVINSKY AND DUSHKIN.—Their programme includes Stravinsky's "L'Histoire du Soldat": Queen's Hall, February 27th, 8.15.

JOSEPH HISLOP.—The famous tenor has the Gershom Parkington Quintet to assist: Queen's Hall, March 3rd, 8.15.

ADELA VERNE.—Piano recital: Queen's Hall, March 3rd, at 3.

KREISLER.—His only recital this season: Albert Hall, March 4th, at 3.

BUSCH CONCERTS.—The Busch Quartette give Beethoven programmes on March 2nd and 5th at 8.30, and a Beethoven-Mozart-Brahms programme on March 3rd at 3: all at the Wigmore Hall.

CORTOT.—A Schumann programme, followed by Charles Panzera singing Schumann's "Dichterleibe" to Cortot's accompaniment: Queen's Hall, March 6th, 8.15.

DANCING AND DINING

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—The Café de Paris Girls dance at ten and midnight; Howard Jacobs and his band: extension night, Friday.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Marion Chase, straight from the Surf Club, New York, sings songs and plays the piano; Billy Gerhardi and his band: extension night, Wednesday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Louis Simmonds and his band (late Embassy Club) play dance music, and there is a cabaret. Hostesses nights are Wednesday and Friday.

CHATHAM GRILL.—Eating here is more important than dancing, but the Tzigane orchestra are good to dance to.

CHEZ QUAGLINO.—Hachem Khan, the French singer, provides the cabaret; Van Straten's band plays for dancing: extension night, Wednesday.

COSSACK.—Here are three orchestras, one coloured, to dance to: extension night, Thursday.

DORCHESTER HOTEL.—The New York Midnight Follies of 1934 are appearing now, with Mitzi Mayfair as star-dancer: Jack Jackson's band plays.

MONSEIGNEUR.—Frances Williams, the American stage and screen star, entertains attractively; Jack Harris makes dance music: extension night, Thursday.

PICCADILLY.—Nane Carty, the singer and harpist, entertains, and so do the Hintoni Brothers: extension night, Friday.

ROMANO'S.—Authentically Bohemian; the cabaret is an all-dancing one.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

BRITISH ART: Burlington House.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS: Suffolk Street, Pall Mall.

MARLBOROUGH LOAN EXHIBITION: Chesterfield House.

"PORCELAIN THROUGH THE AGES."—Loan exhibition: 25, Park Lane.

ENGLISH NEEDLEWORK, PAST AND PRESENT.—15, Portman Square.

BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR.—Olympia, to March 2.

HUNTER AND THOROUGHBRED SHOW: Agricultural Hall, February 27th—March 1st.

NATIONAL PONY SHOW: Agricultural Hall, March 2nd—3rd.

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Women's Golf: *By Eleanor E. Helme*

DEAR BYSTANDER,

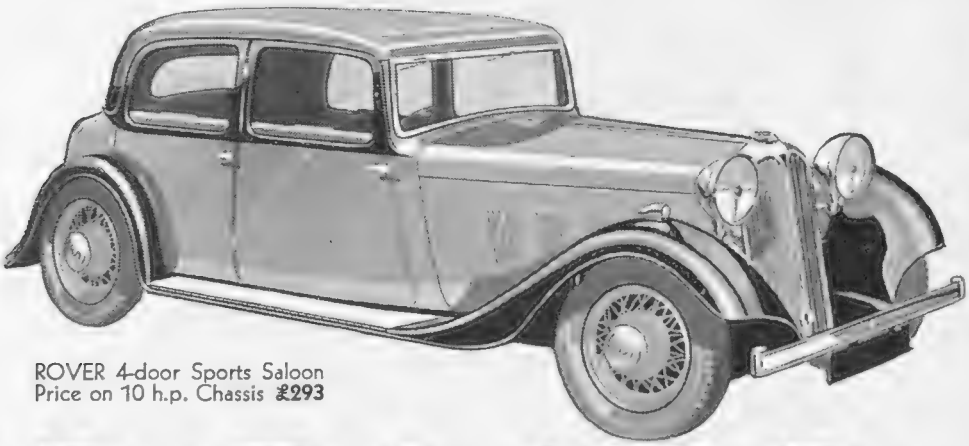
HERE we are, off again on the merry whirligig which will only slow down slightly in July and August, and then begin twirling once more, only to die down in November. I felt it in my bones that golf was starting again at the meeting of the National Playing Fields Association at the Mansion House. It was not merely the sight of Miss Cecil Leitch upon the platform that seemed to spell golf, nor even the conviction that golfers will be very much to the fore when April 17th comes, and one-half of the population will be pressing the other half to buy flags in aid of the N.P.F.A. It was the news, imparted to me by Mrs. Guedalla herself at tea afterwards, that she has really and at last got rid of the twiddle at the top of her swing. I know she will forgive me for saying that she has told me that before; she admitted as much with a laugh then and there. But this time she says the operation has really been successful; self-performed, after a few words from the greatest golfer in the land, in the privacy of her own room. So now, since she whispered that it has lengthened her by some fifteen yards, let us beware more than ever of what she and Miss Regnart—who was at the Mansion House too—can do in defence of THE BYSTANDER One-Day Spring Medal Foursomes cups. The conditions and entrance form appear on page 402 of this number. This is no place to repeat them, only, perhaps, one word of warning will not come amiss. The first hundred entries received will be accepted, the rest will go on a waiting list; couples who total over 30 joint handicap cannot enter and play on 30. April 10th is the date (that is, the day before the International Meeting at Ranelagh), and Wentworth the place — the course which we still affectionately call "Old," though East is its official title, and the "Centre," which is the short one visited before by these Foursomes.

To Open the Season

Tyrrells Wood G.C., between Leatherhead and Headley, stands high enough to laugh at fog, and included in this group, taken there, are Mrs. Asprey, Hon. Sec., Mrs. Laing, the present Captain; Mrs. Jamieson, who was Hon. Sec. before her marriage; Mrs. Gourlay, Miss Brown, Mrs. R. Hill, Miss Metcalfe, and Mrs. Cecil Hughes

NORTHERN Foursomes conditions and entry form are also out this week, on page 402, and there, too, the advice is to enter early, as the first 128 couples will be

(Continued on page 412)



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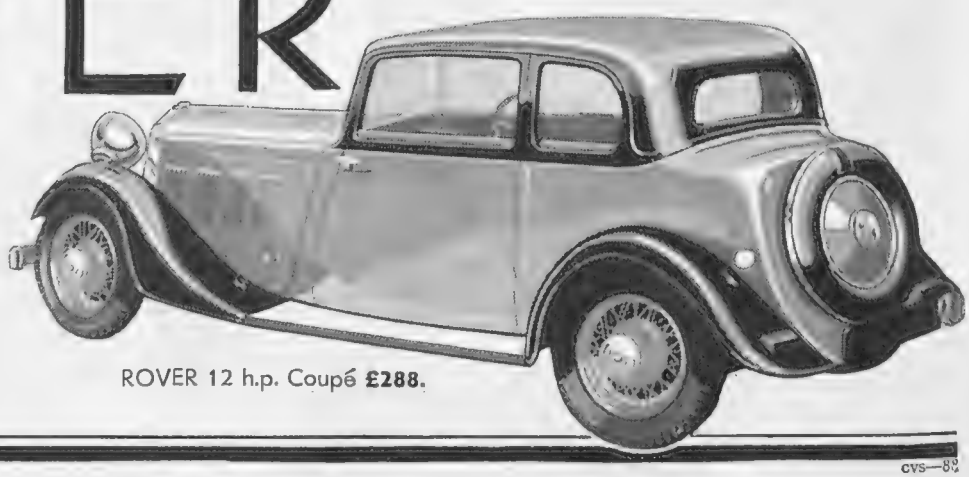

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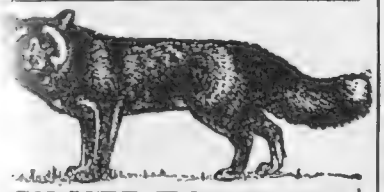

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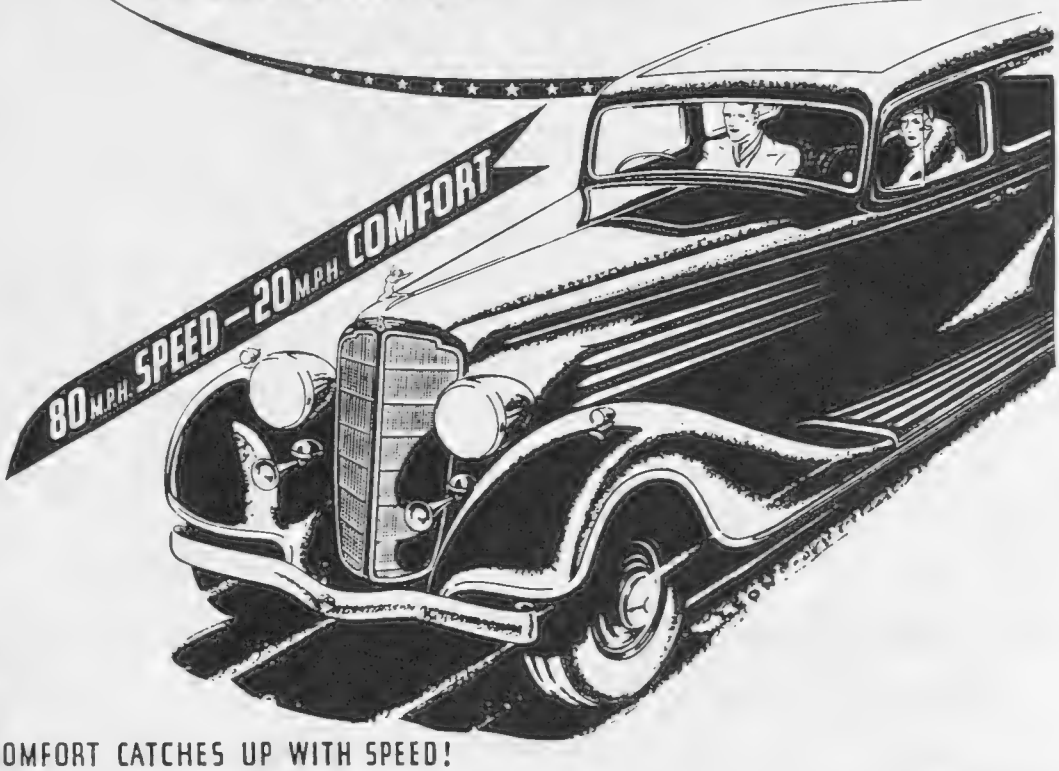

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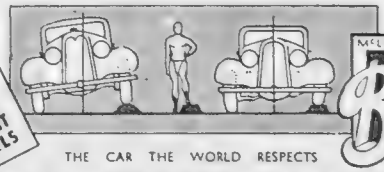

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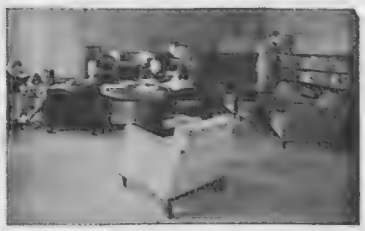

The ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Reading Room in Paris.

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme *(Continued from page 410)*

accepted; others will wait. Birkdale has always been an amazingly popular course; it is likely to be more so than ever in its reconstructed form, and I am making all preparations for a waiting list of huge dimensions.

Another item which I hope will also be gigantic will be the effort in connection with the N.P.F.A. Flag Week, which falls on the same date, April 17th. Full details of the competition for Mrs. Dunlop Hill's Challenge Trophy will follow in due course, but we shall certainly be all out to beat the £12 3s. which last year was raised at the Northern Foursomes for N.P.F.A. funds.

Before leaving that subject, let me remind you that the Kent Branch, N.P.F.A., are repeating their delightful Mixed Foursomes day—lady with amateur or pro.—which was such a success last year, on Saturday, March 24th, at The Wilderness, Sevenoaks.

PLAY of the competition kind is really started when the Kent Foursomes are under way, and this year the first two days, at all events, escaped the horrid manifestations of ice and snow, hail, rain and mud, which have sometimes been their portion. But they could not get off scot free; that would have been too much to hope, and the strange something this year was fog. I groped my way out to Foxgrove with lights on, and found fifty couples groping, without lights, round the course towards invisible pins. It lightened as the morning went on; by the afternoon, the sun was shining (rather wanly), whereupon Miss MacKenzie and Mrs. Grahame promptly returned a 78½ net; Miss Davy and Miss Joan Reid, 79½ (this latter tieing with Miss Webb and Miss Moss, sister of last year's Oxford captain) who had achieved it while the fog was still troublesome. Nobody else arrived in the seventies, and the distressing thing was that the next day, when match play was the matter at stake, these two first couples were all astray, and took leave of the event rather speedily. Miss Davy and Miss Reid came through, but the back-markers, Miss Dodo Butler and Mrs. Waring, went out, and the next lowest pair to them had a narrow escape. That was Mrs. Major and Miss Doxford, who, after a good morning win, when they had to give nine strokes, only struggled home at the 19th in the afternoon, though they had been three up at the 13th. But after that, Miss Brennan and Mrs. Warman had two strokes to receive, and played extremely well before losing.

FOXGROVE in its present form will exist no more after this month is out; the L.C.C. have taken it over; the great and handsome mansion beside the 11th tee is to be club-house and tea-garden; the lake that has guarded the 14th green—it is bone-dry at present after the drought—is to be a Peter Pan pond. It was all rather sad for the present members, who grew quite sentimental, and made up Peter Piper-isms about Foxgrove Farewell Foursomes, and wondered where they should join instead.

Have you heard that the Devon champion, who gave Miss Garnham such a fright in the English Championship, Miss Elizabeth Powell Williams, is engaged to be married? The lucky fellow is Mr. H. A. Borradaile, of the Devonshire Regiment. Every golfer will wish them the best of luck.

MISS KATHLEEN GARNHAM is evidently going to have a splendid time in America, not too severely of the golfing kind. She had her first experience of the air the other day, flying from Nassau to Palm Beach. Having done that in the morning, she managed to qualify in the afternoon, but was beaten in the first round by Miss Grace Amory, the young player who was not so very far off winning our Girls' Championship and Autumn Foursomes in 1932.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

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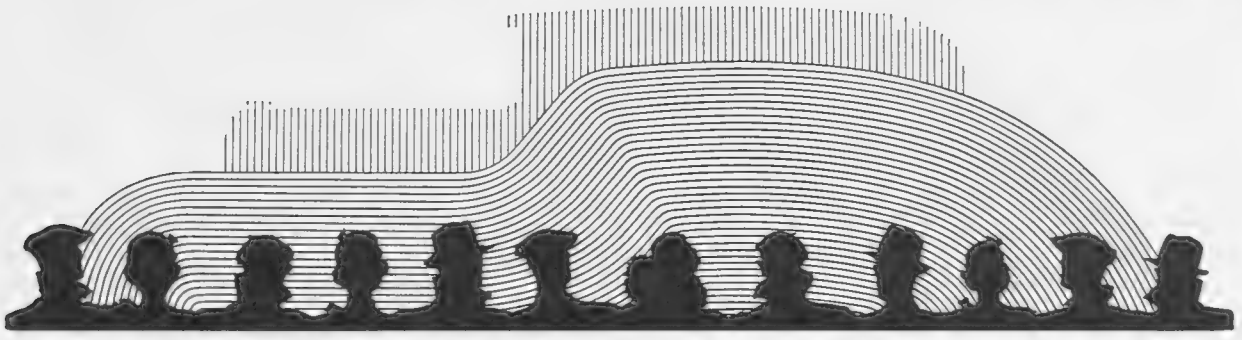

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By Air—Have You Anything to Declare? By Charles Ward

Airports and Landing-Grounds

ROMFORD, home town of Hillman Airways, and Gravesend on the chalk, are approved for Customs and thus elevated to the dignity of airports. The use of the former is limited to light 'planes, taxis and liners of medium size, owing to its slopes and relatively small area. The taxis and Dragon liners used by Hillman Airways on their Paris service have been operated from Romford with great regularity for some time now. Last year, some 33,000 passengers were carried on air routes in this country other than those of Imperial Airways, a figure which will surprise people who have said that air transport couldn't pay in England owing to our good railways, bad weather, and short distances. With Croydon under the weather and practically invisible, Gravesend has been of great value to the air-liner pilots during recent fogs. It is situated on the direct route from Holland and Germany to London, so that a landing can be made without a detour. The journey to London by road takes about fifty minutes. Some of our country clubs have again made a New Year's resolution to open a landing-ground, in order to be approachable by air as well as by road. Aldenham House has a large site a few hundred yards from the estate, which could be cleared at small expense and made suitable for light aeroplanes and taxis. It is 12½ miles from Marble Arch, and would be the nearest aerodrome to London on the north side, with the exception of Hendon, which is a Royal Air Force station only to be used in an emergency or by special arrangement.

By Air to the Fair

PART of the British Industries Fair is staged at Castle Bromwich, where a first-class aerodrome is available for all types of machines. In previous years there have been air services for special parties, but this year a regular daily return flight is being made by the Midland and Scottish Co., using an Airspeed Ferry carrying eight passengers. Arrangements at the London end are in the hands of B.A.N.C.O., the machine leaving Heston at 9.15 every morning and returning from Birmingham at 5.30. The journey occupies one hour, single fare being 32s. 6d. and a return ticket 50s. The Ferry has three Gipsy engines, and is one of the most familiar of the smaller air-liners, having been used by Sir Alan Cobham on his tours of the country during the last two summers.

A "Swallow" for the Spring

LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE and other directors of the British Klemm Co., were at home at Hanworth last Wednesday for a demonstration of their "Swallow" model, twenty-four of which are in production. With a British Salmson engine, this machine, as an open two-seater built on sporting lines, costs £675, and with a Pobjoy, £695. It passed Martlesham tests without a single modification being required, a tribute to the excellence of its new design. Standard equipment includes a Kigiss Primer for doping the engine, telephone tubes, and a control balance so that the machine can be flown "hands off" when the pilot is otherwise occupied. The first of the Eagle model was on view. It has side-by-side seating, room for a third person behind, and is a cabin-deluxe, with retractile under-carriage.

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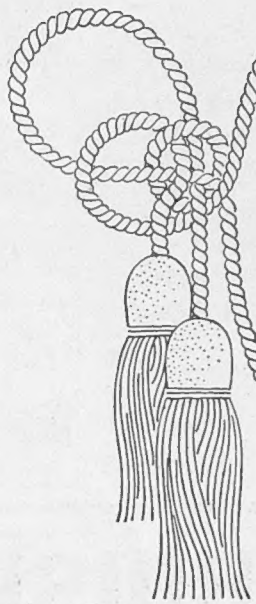

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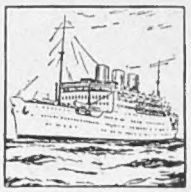

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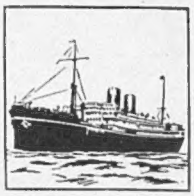

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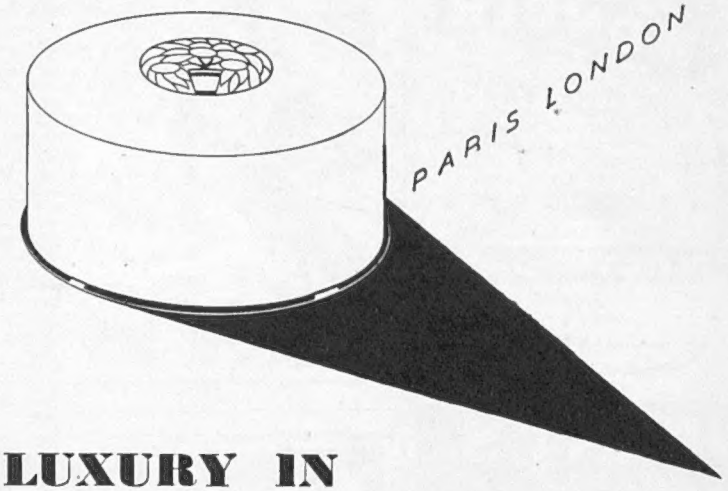

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"Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

Week-End Amateur Tournament for Men

The Second Annual Open Amateur Tournament, under handicap, for "The Bystander" £500 Trophy and other prizes, will be played at

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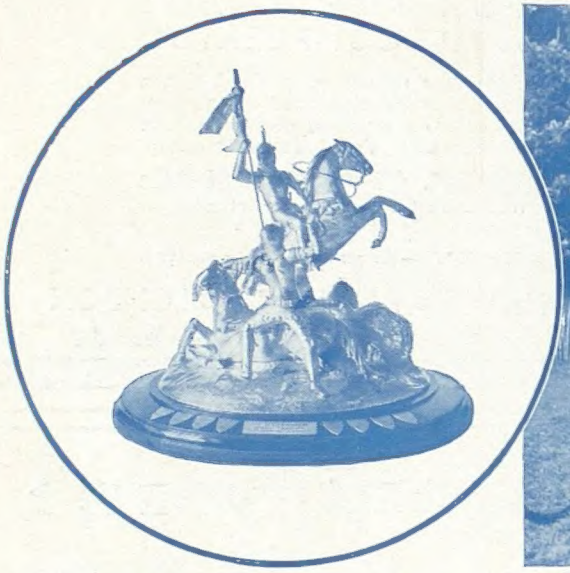
(Headquarters: The Branksome Tower Hotel, Bournemouth)



The Bystander £500 Golf Trophy:
Holder: L. B. Sanderson (Nairn)

The Caddie-master's Headquarters at Parkstone

• Conditions

PLAY will be for THE BYSTANDER £500 Trophy and other prizes. Every competitor will play a medal round on Saturday morning, April 7. Those who return cards will qualify for one section or another according to their net scores, as the entire entry will be divided into sections of eight players. The best eight returns will form the Trophy Eight and will compete for the Trophy itself by match play under handicap, beginning on Saturday afternoon, the Semi-Finals and Final to be decided on the Sunday. The next best eight returns will form another section, and so on. Ties for the last place in any eight will be decided on the first nine holes: if there is still a tie, the tenth hole shall decide, and failing that the eleventh, twelfth, etc. It will be seen, therefore, that every competitor who returns a card, no matter how bad, will qualify for the match play stages of some section or other, and will at least have a full day on the Saturday. Furthermore, half the original entry must still be engaged on the Sunday.

• Special terms at the Branksome Tower Hotel

Competitors may stay at the Hotel during the week-end on specially arranged terms. The normal inclusive terms range from 22/6 to 32/6 a day, according to accommodation, and include breakfast, lunch, dinner and baths.

• Entries

Entries can be received from now onwards by post addressed to: The Golf Editor, "Bystander," 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. There is no entry form, but please give your name and address, and enclose a handicap certificate signed by the Secretary of the Club which gives you your lowest handicap.

"The Bystander" reserves the right to refuse any entry.